ONLY A STRONG AMERICA CAN PREVENT

APR.
10c

ATOMIC WAR!

First Lieutenant Henry A. Commiskey, USMC Medal of Honor

ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, *and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol,* Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dispatched its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleaned out another foxhole. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill. Lieutenant Commiskey says:

"After all, only a limited number of Americans need serve in uniform. But, thank God there are millions *more* who are proving their devotion in another vitally important way. *People like you,* whose *50-billion-dollar investment* in U.S. Defense Bonds helps make America so strong no Commie can crack us from within! *That counts plenty!*

"Our bullets alone can't keep you and your family peacefully secure. But our bullets—*and your Bonds*—do!"

* * *

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Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!

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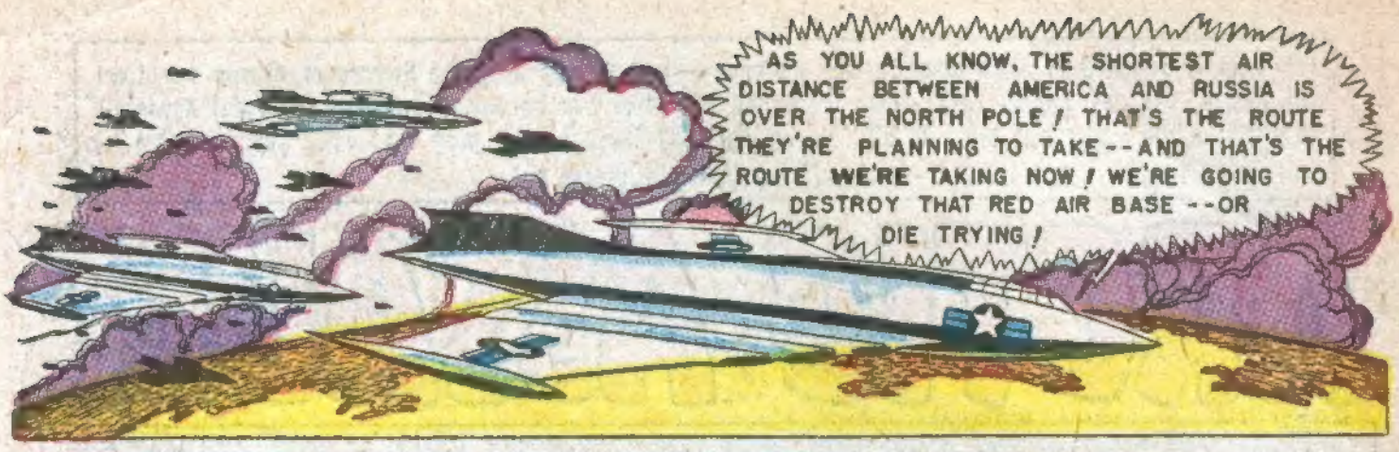
This book is designed to shock America into vigilance---and to help keep the horrors of atomic war from our shores. It CAN happen here, unless friend and foe alike can be made to realize the awful devastation that another war will bring to all. So as you read these pages, pray that what you see here will never happen. And it won't---if we keep America strong!

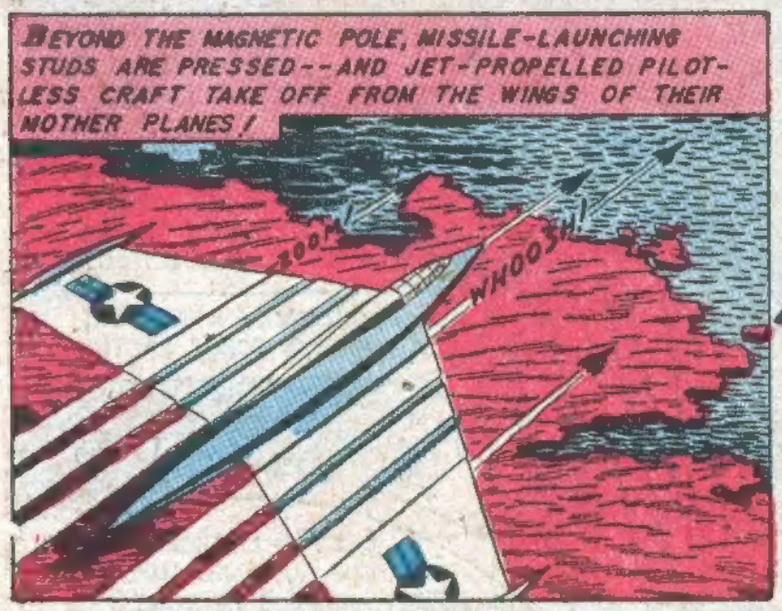
ARCTIC ASSAULT

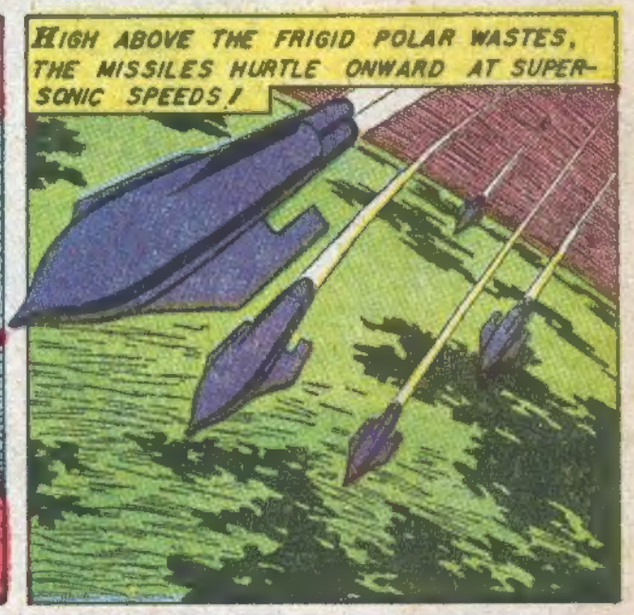
WHEN THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMBS FELL UPON AMERICAN CITIES EARLY IN 1960, RETALIATION AGAINST THE COMMUNIST AGGRESSORS WAS SWIFT AND TERRIBLE. BUT A-BOMBS ALONE COULD NOT DECIDE THIS TITANIC CONFLICT BETWEEN EAST AND WEST---AND SO NOW BOTH SIDES ARE ENGAGED IN A LONG-RANGE, GLOBAL SLUGGING MATCH, WITH NO PLACE TO HIDE . . . ON ONE OF THESE MANY SCATTERED FRONTS . . .


AS YOU ALL KNOW, THE SHORTEST AIR DISTANCE BETWEEN AMERICA AND RUSSIA IS OVER THE NORTH POLE! THAT'S THE ROUTE THEY'RE PLANNING TO TAKE--AND THAT'S THE ROUTE WE'RE TAKING NOW! WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY THAT RED AIR BASE--OR DIE TRYING!

I KNOW HOW I'M GONNA DIE-- OF THE COLD! GEORGIA WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!
CHEER UP, GEORGIA! AS SOON AS WE FLY OVER THE NORTH POLE, WE'LL BE HEADING SOUTH!

ABOARD COLONEL ATTWOOD'S LEAD PLANE...
WHEN DO WE LAUNCH THE PILOTLESS MISSILES, COLONEL?
AS SOON AS WE PASS OVER THE NORTH MAGNETIC POLE! THOSE GUIDED MISSILES WILL BE MAGNETICALLY DRAWN TO ANYTHING METALLIC--AND THE FIRST METALLIC THING THEY'LL COME TO ONCE WE PASS THE MAGNETIC POLE WILL BE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES DEFENDING THE RED BASE AT SEVERNAYA ZEMLYA!

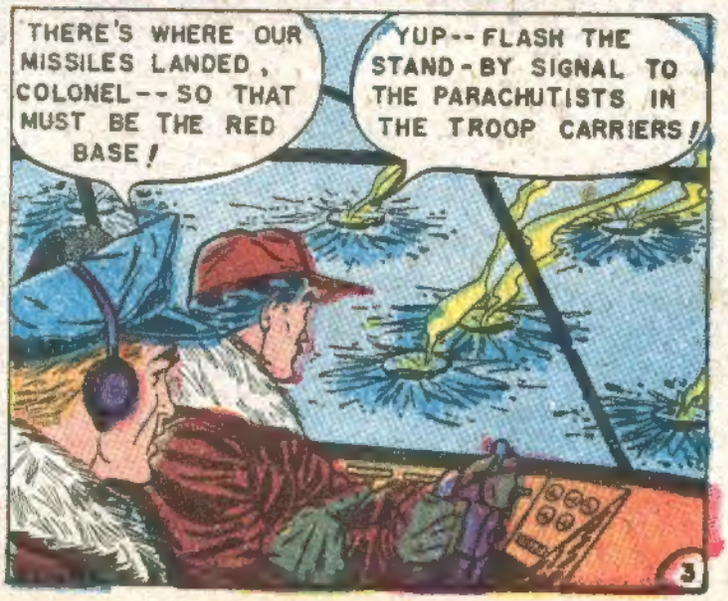

BEYOND THE MAGNETIC POLE, MISSILE-LAUNCHING STUDS ARE PRESSED--AND JET-PROPELLED PILOTLESS CRAFT TAKE OFF FROM THE WINGS OF THEIR MOTHER PLANES!
ZOOM!
WHOOSH!


HIGH ABOVE THE FRIGID POLAR WASTES, THE MISSILES HURTLE ONWARD AT SUPERSONIC SPEEDS!

SOON, AT THE RED BASE IN SEVERNAYA ZEMLYA...
CAPTAIN-- UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS ARE COMING OUR WAY FROM THE NORTH AT 65,000 FEET!
IT MUST BE AN AMERICAN ATTACK! ORDER THE CAMOUFLAGE SHROUDS TAKEN OFF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!

AS THE MAGNETIC MISSILES CURVE DOWNWARD, IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN TO THE RED GUNS...
THEY'RE GUIDED MISSILES! HIT THEM--KNOCK THE AMERICANSKI WEAPONS OUT OF THE SKIES!
WE...WE CAN'T TRACK THEM! THEIR SPEED IS TOO GREAT!
BANG!
VLOOM!
AAAGHH!
WE'RE HELPLESS UP HERE! QUICK! INTO THE UNDERGROUND HANGARS!
CLOSE THE CAMOUFLAGED DOORS! PILOTED PLANES ARE SURE TO FOLLOW THOSE GUIDED MISSILES-- AND WHEN THEY ARE OVERHEAD, WE'LL LAUNCH A SURPRISE FOR THE AMERICANSKI!

AS THE VAST U.S. AIR ARMADA NEARS THE RED BASE...
ARE YOU ALL SHO' WE'RE HEADIN' SOUTH NOW? IT'S NOT GETTIN' ANY WARMER!
WELL, JUST WAIT TILL WE HIT THAT COMMIE AIR-FIELD, GEORGIA! IT'LL BE PLENTY HOT FOR YOU THEN!

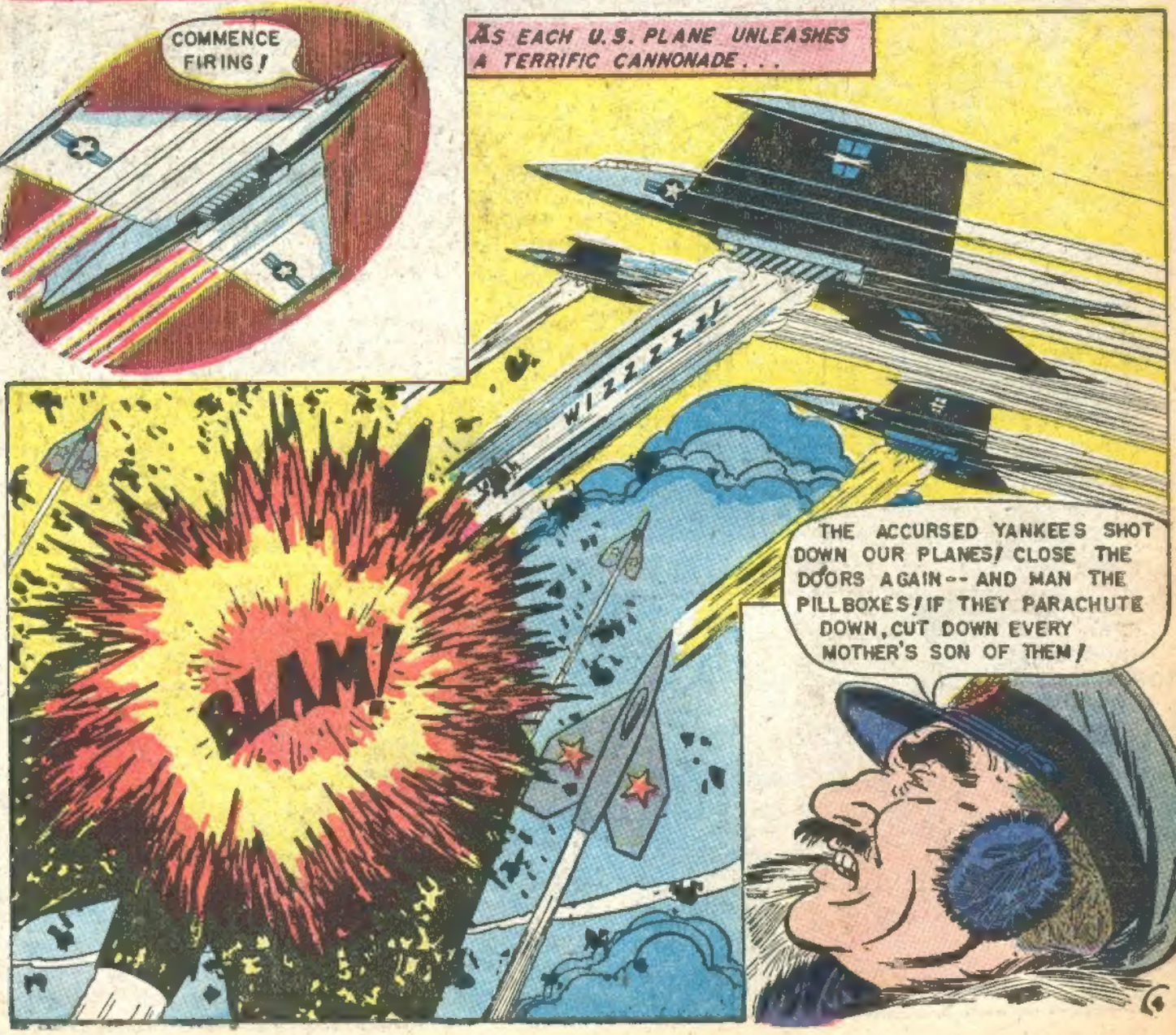

THERE'S WHERE OUR MISSILES LANDED, COLONEL--SO THAT MUST BE THE RED BASE!
YUP--FLASH THE STAND-BY SIGNAL TO THE PARACHUTISTS IN THE TROOP CARRIERS!

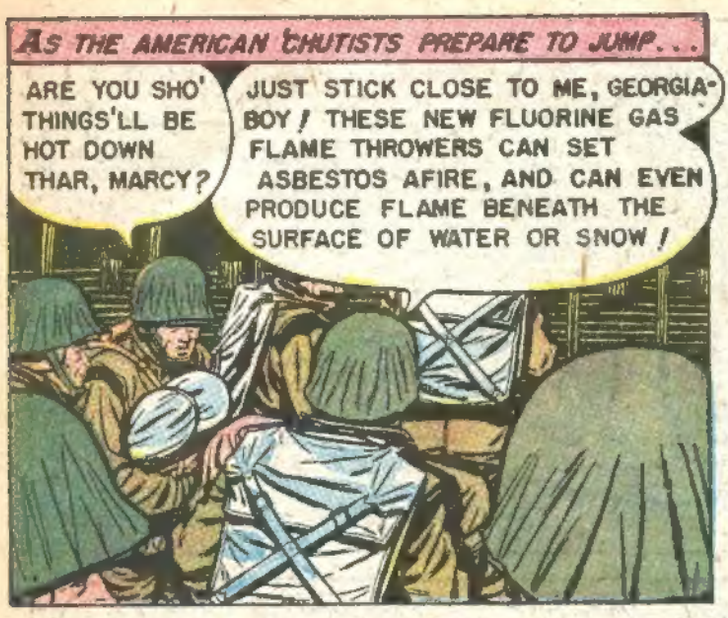
ENEMY PLANES ARE APPROACHING, COMMANDER!
NOW! OPEN THE HANGAR DOORS--PREPARE TO CATAPULT THE JET FIGHTERS OUT!

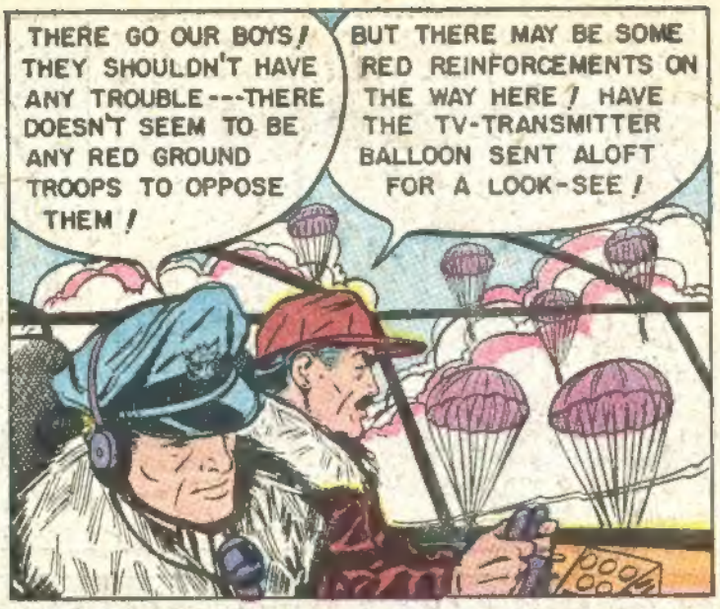
AS THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE HUGE ICE HUMMOCK SLID AWAY...
VEEOOOM!
ZOOOOM

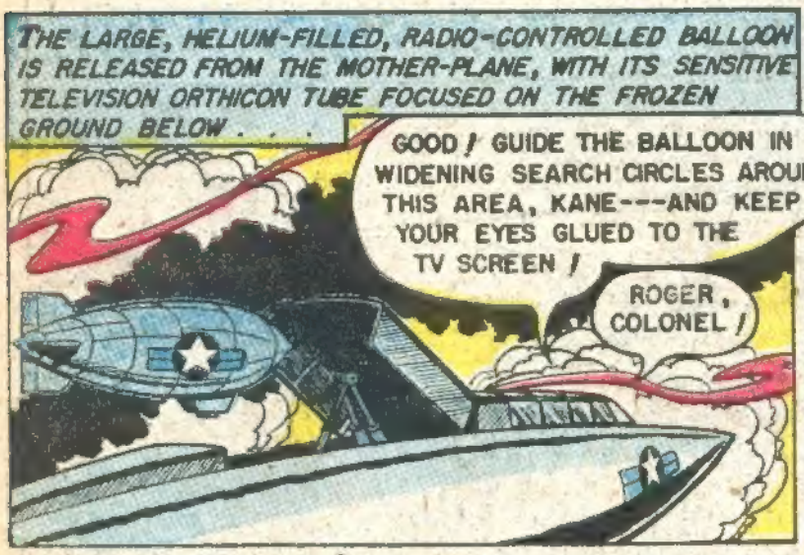
LOOK-- THEY'VE LAUNCHED FIGHTER PLANES FROM HIDDEN HANGARS BENEATH THE ICE!
WELL, WE'VE GOT A HIDDEN SURPRISE FOR THEM, TOO! OPEN THE ROCKET-BAY DOORS!

COMMENCE FIRING!

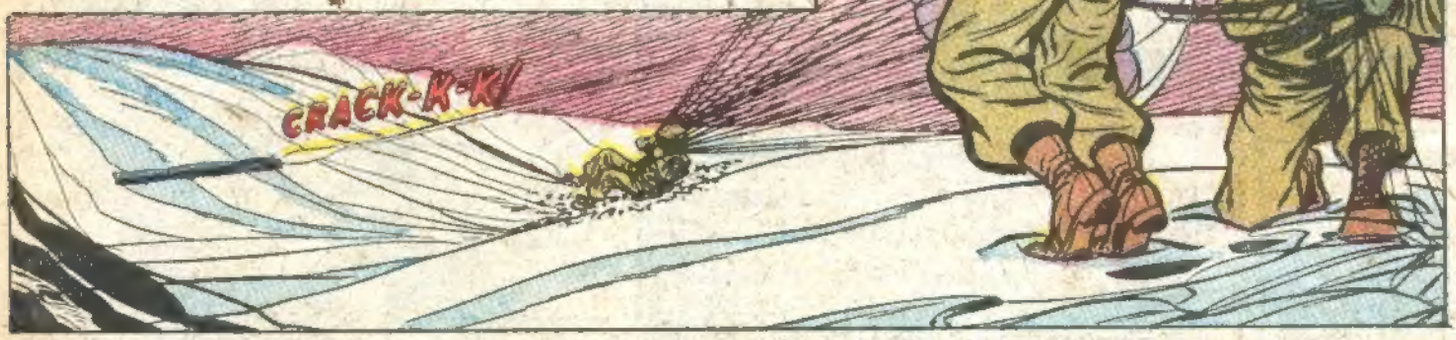

AS EACH U.S. PLANE UNLEASHES A TERRIFIC CANNONADE...
WIZZZZZZ!
BLAM!
THE ACCURSED YANKEES SHOT DOWN OUR PLANES! CLOSE THE DOORS AGAIN-- AND MAN THE PILLBOXES! IF THEY PARACHUTE DOWN, CUT DOWN EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF THEM!


AS THE AMERICAN CHUTISTS PREPARE TO JUMP...
ARE YOU SHO' THINGS'LL BE HOT DOWN THAR, MARCY?
JUST STICK CLOSE TO ME, GEORGIA-BOY! THESE NEW FLUORINE GAS FLAME THROWERS CAN SET ASBESTOS AFIRE, AND CAN EVEN PRODUCE FLAME BENEATH THE SURFACE OF WATER OR SNOW!


THERE GO OUR BOYS! THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE---THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY RED GROUND TROOPS TO OPPOSE THEM!
BUT THERE MAY BE SOME RED REINFORCEMENTS ON THE WAY HERE! HAVE THE TV-TRANSMITTER BALLOON SENT ALOFT FOR A LOOK-SEE!


THE LARGE, HELIUM-FILLED, RADIO-CONTROLLED BALLOON IS RELEASED FROM THE MOTHER-PLANE, WITH ITS SENSITIVE TELEVISION ORTHICON TUBE FOCUSED ON THE FROZEN GROUND BELOW . . .
GOOD! GUIDE THE BALLOON IN WIDENING SEARCH CIRCLES AROUND THIS AREA, KANE---AND KEEP YOUR EYES GLUED TO THE TV SCREEN!
ROGER, COLONEL!

MEANWHILE, AS THE GI'S LAND . . .
LOOK OUT! THOSE HUMMOCKS ARE NOTHING BUT DISGUISED PILLBOXES---AAGHH!


CRACK-K-K!

HURRY---GET THOSE FLUORINE FLAME THROWERS INTO ACTION! WE'VE GOTTA COOK THE REDS INSIDE THOSE PILLBOXES---OR WE'RE COOKED!
Y-YEAH, H-HURRY, MARCY--- BEFORE I F-FREEZE TO DEATH!
RATATATAT

THERE YOU ARE, GEORGIA--- WARM ENOUGH FOR YOU NOW?
MAN, OH, MAN! I'D SWEAR I'M BACK IN OLE ATLANTA!

SUDDENLY. . .
AAAGHHH!
BRRAPP!

AS THE GASEOUS FLAMES POUR THROUGH THE PILLBOX'S GUN APERTURES...

THIS OUGHTA MAKE SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKENS OUT OF 'EM! BUT NOW I'D BETTER VAMOOSE BEFORE THEIR AMMO EXPLODES!

AAARGH!

BOOOMM!

MADE IT!

AT THAT MOMENT, MILES AWAY ACROSS THE ICY TUNDRA...

VROOOOOM!

ABOVE THE RED BASE, THE U.S. PLANES CIRCLE SLOWLY AROUND WHILE BEING REFUELED BY FLYING TANKERS...
OUR GUYS ARE DOING A BANG-UP JOB DOWN THERE, KANE! THEY'RE BLOWING UP THOSE PILLBOXES ONE BY ONE!
COLONEL -- LOOK AT THE T.V. SCREEN! THE T.V. BALLOON HAS PICKED UP RED JET-PROPELLED SKI TANKS!

ACCORDING TO THE BEARINGS RADIOED BACK FROM THE BALLOON, THE TANKS ARE HEADING NORTH AT 200 MILES AN HOUR! THEY'LL BE AT THE BASE BELOW US IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!
THAT MEANS TROUBLE, KANE! I'LL RADIO OUR MEN ON THE GROUND TO HURRY IT UP -- AND I'LL HAVE THE HELIS READY TO PICK THEM UP IN TEN MINUTES!

ON THE GROUND, THE AMERICANS HAD TO FIGHT TIME...
HEY, YOU GUYS -- SNAP IT UP! RED TANKS ARE COMIN' THIS WAY -- THEY'LL BE HERE IN FOURTEEN MINUTES!
THIS IS THE LAST PLACE THE REDS CAN BE HOLED UP IN -- AND A SINGLE BLAST OF EXPLOSIVE PROMETHIUM WILL BLOW THIS DOOR TO ATOMS!

WITHIN THE HANGAR, THE REMAINING REDS AWAITED THE AMERICAN ONSLAUGHT...
BAROOOM!
HERE THEY COME! SELL YOUR LIVES DEARLY -- HELP IS ON THE WAY!

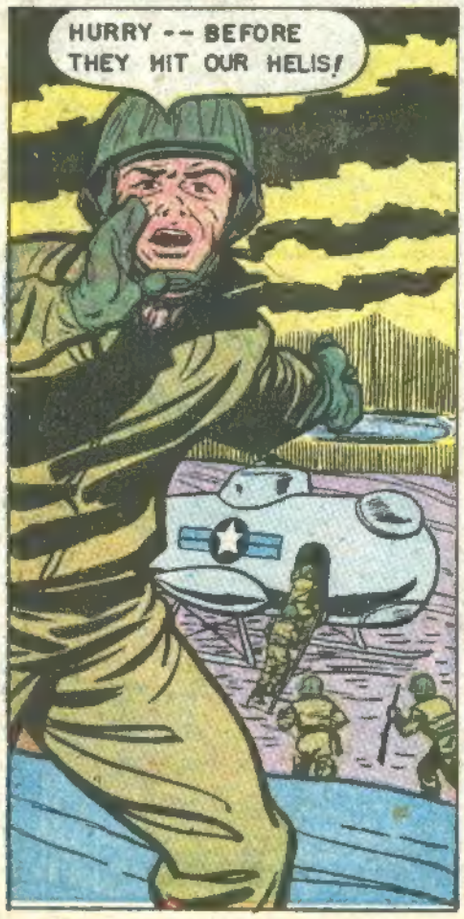
HA! THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE WEARING BULLET-PROOF ARMOR -- AND WE KNOW THEY'RE NOT! SO LET 'EM HAVE IT!
CLACK!
BRAKK-K-KKK!
RATATAT

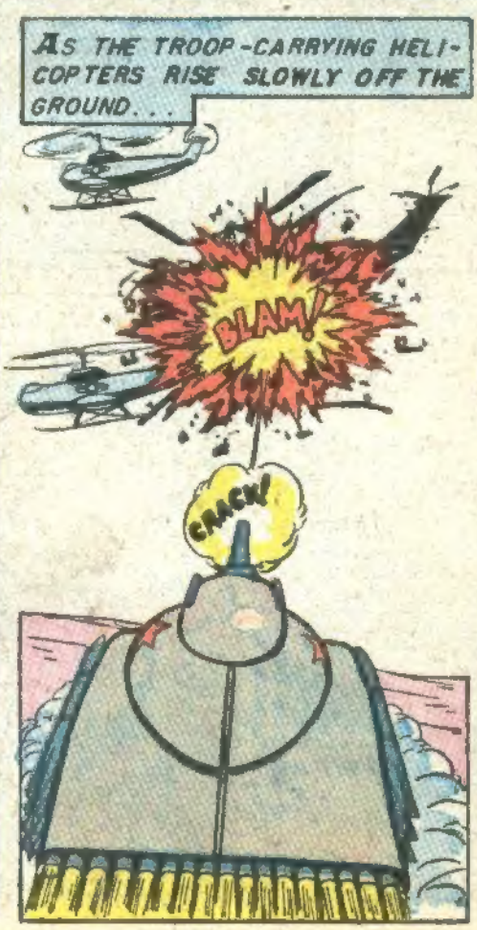
MOP 'EM UP FAST -- BEFORE THOSE RED TANKS GET HERE TO MOP US UP!
AAAARGH!

WITH THE LAST OF THE RED DEFENDERS WIPED OUT...
THIS'LL MAKE SHO' THESE PLANES NEVER DROP NO NERVE GAS OVER GEORGIA!
HURRY IT UP, GEORGIA-- WE'VE GOT THREE MINUTES BEFORE THE TANKS GET HERE!

I SHO' HATED TUH RUN FROM THAR-- IT WAS JUST A MITE WARMER THAN PEACHTREE STREET ON A JULY AFTUHNOON!
ON THE DOUBLE, YOU GUYS-- THE HELIS ARE WAITIN' TO TAKE US BACK UP!

JUST THEN...
LOOK OUT-- HERE COME THE RED TANKS!

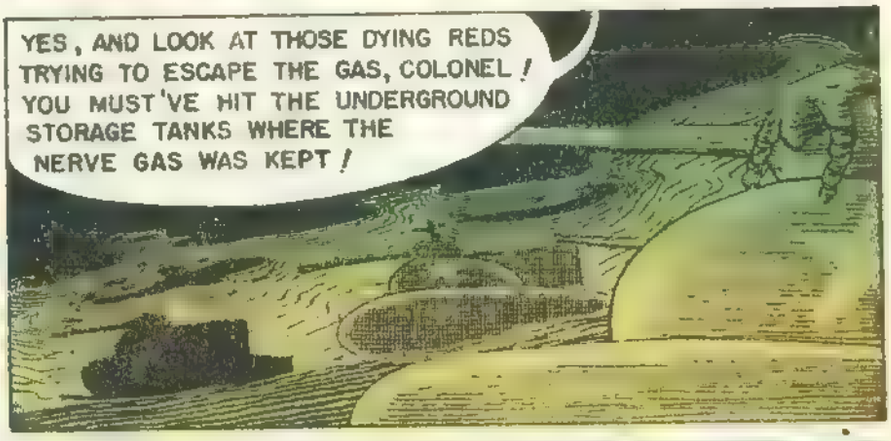

HURRY -- BEFORE THEY HIT OUR HELIS!

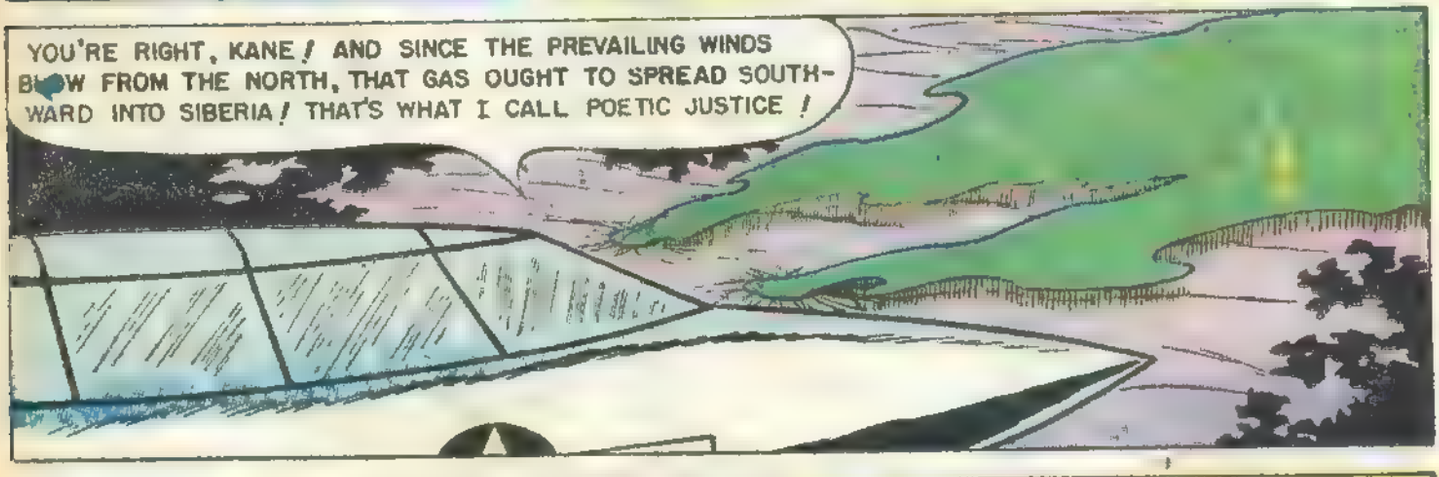

AS THE TROOP-CARRYING HELICOPTERS RISE SLOWLY OFF THE GROUND...
BLAM!
CRACK!

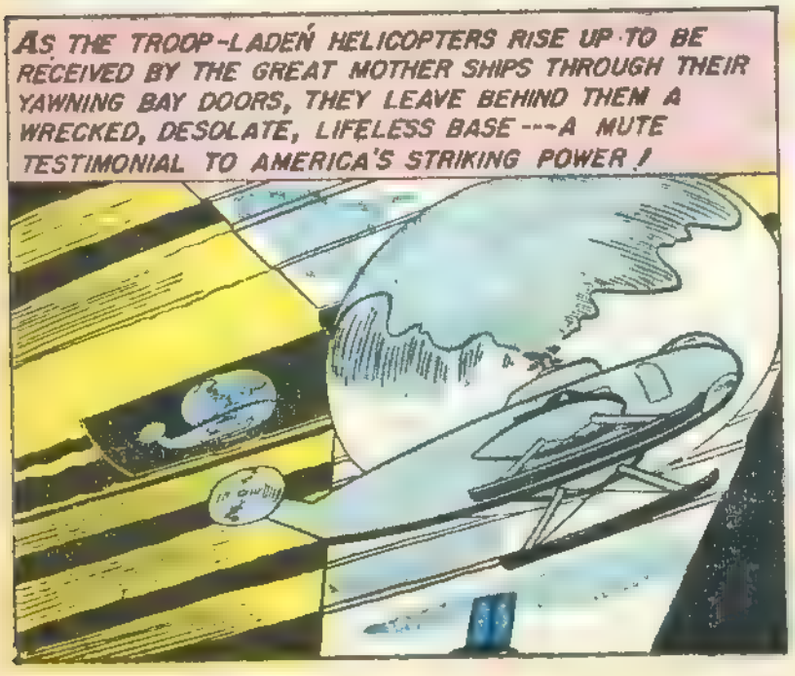
DESPERATE TO SAVE HIS MEN, THE AMERICAN COMMANDER MOVED FAST...
OUR HELIS ARE JUST SITTING DUCKS FOR THOSE TANKS! HEY-- WHY THE DIVE, COLONEL?
I KNOW THIS PLANE WASN'T MEANT FOR STRAFING, BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE TANKS SOMEHOW-- AND OUR NOSE ROCKETS MIGHT DO THE JOB!

WITH THE WINGS OF THE GREAT PLANE SCREAMING IN PROTEST AT THE UNACCUSTOMED STRAIN OF THE DIVE . . .
YOU WERE SHORT, COLONEL---BUT IN HEAVEN'S NAME, DON'T TRY IT AGAIN! PULL UP--- PULL UP!

I MAY HAVE MISSED THE TANKS, BUT I MUST'VE HIT SOMETHING ELSE! LOOK AT THAT GREENISH GAS COMING OUT OF THE GROUND, KANE!


YES, AND LOOK AT THOSE DYING REDS TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GAS, COLONEL! YOU MUST'VE HIT THE UNDERGROUND STORAGE TANKS WHERE THE NERVE GAS WAS KEPT!


YOU'RE RIGHT, KANE! AND SINCE THE PREVAILING WINDS BLOW FROM THE NORTH, THAT GAS OUGHT TO SPREAD SOUTHWARD INTO SIBERIA! THAT'S WHAT I CALL POETIC JUSTICE!


AS THE TROOP-LADEN HELICOPTERS RISE UP TO BE RECEIVED BY THE GREAT MOTHER SHIPS THROUGH THEIR YAWNING BAY DOORS, THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM A WRECKED, DESOLATE, LIFELESS BASE---A MUTE TESTIMONIAL TO AMERICA'S STRIKING POWER!

AND HOMEWARD BOUND ONCE MORE . . .
THAT'S RIGHT, GEORGIA! WE'VE GOT TO GO NORTH TO THE NORTH POLE BEFORE WE CAN GO SOUTH AGAIN!
HUH? HOW WE CAN GIT BACK SOUTH BY GOIN' NO'TH IS SOMETHIN' I'LL NEVER FIGGER OUT!
THE END

OLD-TIMERS DIE HARD

FROM THE ARCTIC TO THE TROPICS, ALL ALONG THE GLOBAL BATTLE-FRONTS, THE TWO MIGHTY GOLIATHS OF EAST AND WEST CLOSED IN MORTAL COMBAT...BUT IT WAS IN THE SAAR BASIN THAT THE RUSSIANS CHOSE TO CUT LOOSE WITH THEIR NEW SECRET WEAPON! THEN, THE SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED RED LEADERS FELT SURE OF A BREAK-THROUGH, FOR THE AMERICAN-HELD SECTOR WAS COMMANDED BY THE AGED, OLD-FASHIONED AND UNSCIENTIFIC GENERAL BARCLAY-- WHO OBVIOUSLY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COPE WITH THE PULVERIZING PERIL FROM THE EAST!

THEY'RE LAYING DOWN A SMOKESCREEN BARRAGE-- IT'S PROBABLY THE BEGINNING OF A MASS ATTACK! GET FIELD HEADQUARTERS ON THE WIRE-- FAST!

AT HEADQUARTERS...

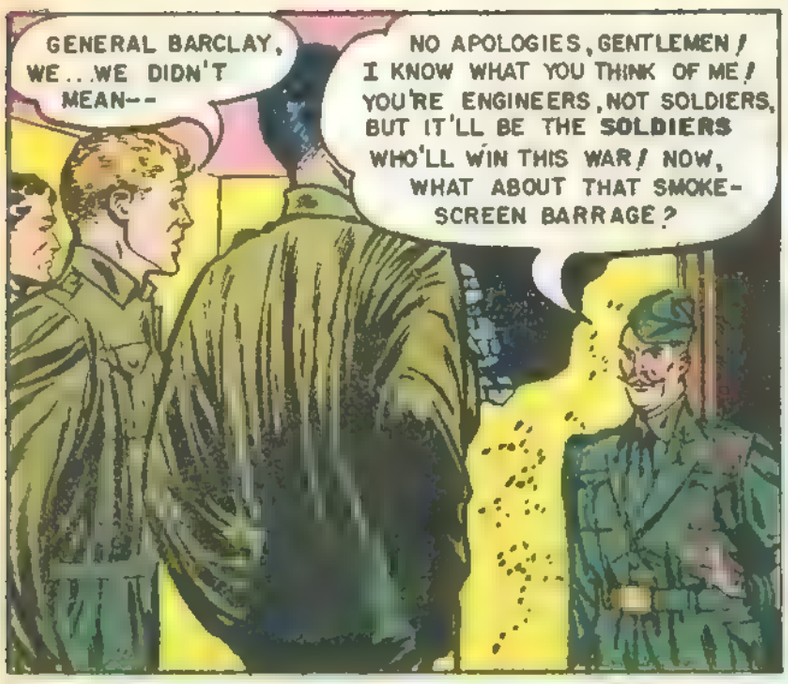
OUR OUTPOSTS REPORT THE REDS LAYING DOWN A SMOKESCREEN IN NO-MAN'S LAND, MAJOR! WE'D BETTER NOTIFY THE GENERAL... WHERE IS HE?

WHERE DO YOU THINK? HE'S TAKING HIS MID-AFTERNOON NAP--AS USUAL!

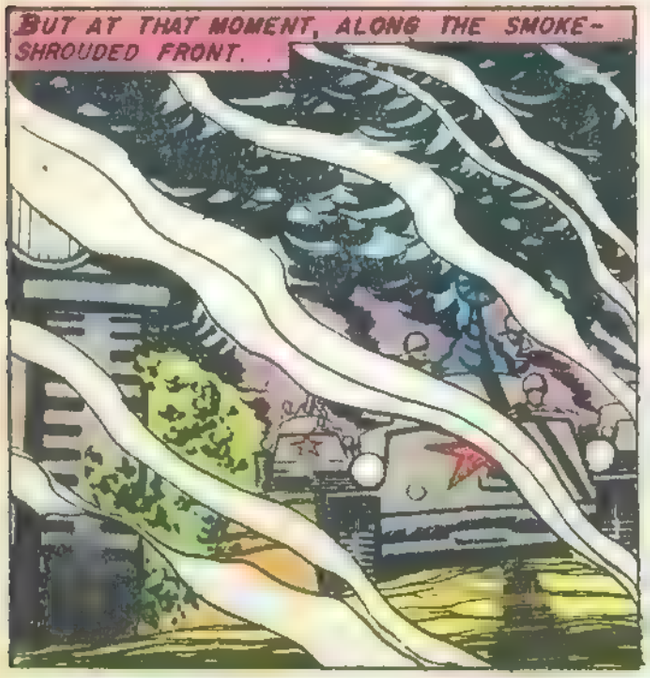
WHY DON'T THEY RETIRE THE OLD MAN? HE'S NOT FIT FOR MODERN, SCIENTIFIC WAR! ALL HE KNOWS ARE THE OUTMODED TACTICS HE LEARNED IN THE FIRST TWO WORLD WARS!

WELL, SUPREME HEADQUARTERS WILL ORDER HIM RELIEVED AND RETIRED AS SOON AS HE MAKES ENOUGH MISTAKES--

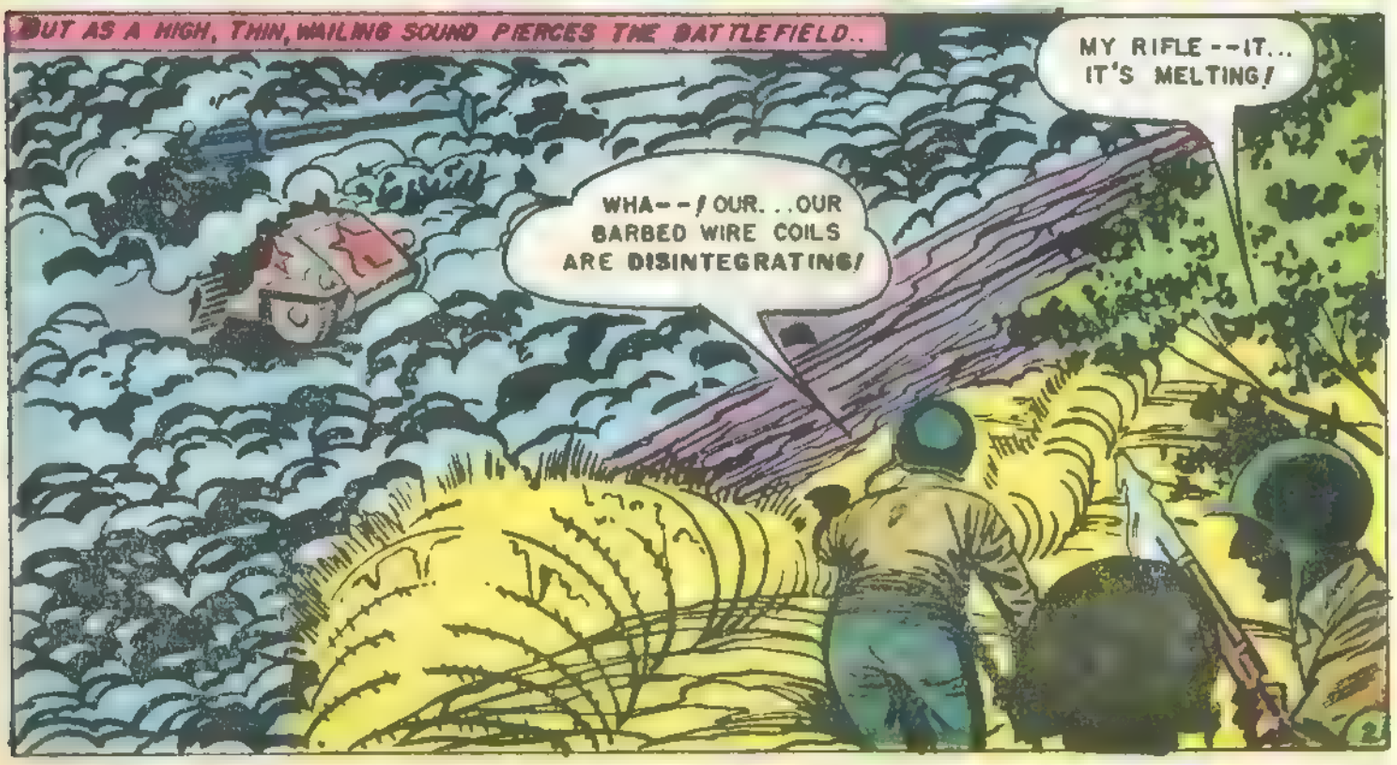
ATTEN-SHUN

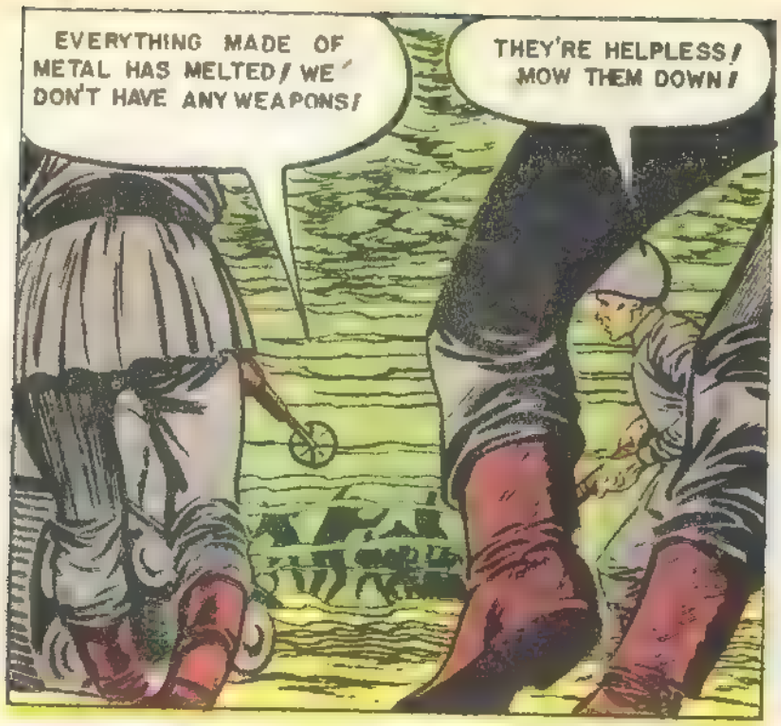

GENERAL BARCLAY, WE...WE DIDN'T MEAN--
NO APOLOGIES, GENTLEMEN! I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF ME! YOU'RE ENGINEERS, NOT SOLDIERS, BUT IT'LL BE THE SOLDIERS WHO'LL WIN THIS WAR! NOW, WHAT ABOUT THAT SMOKE-SCREEN BARRAGE?

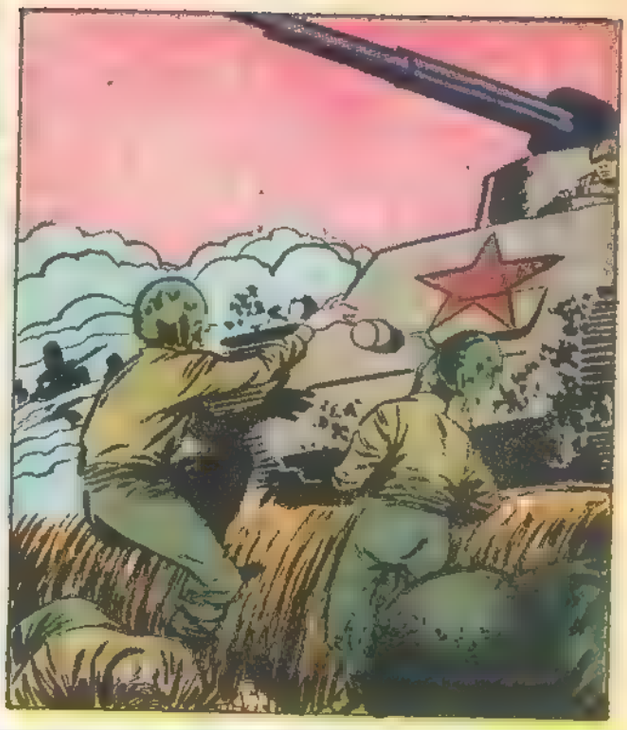
THE REDS JUST STARTED IT, SIR! THEY MAY BE ABOUT TO UNLEASH THAT NEW SECRET WEAPON WE'VE HEARD ABOUT!
BAH! THE GERMANS TRIED TO FRIGHTEN US WITH SUCH RUMORS IN THE FIRST TWO WORLD WARS-- BUT, THERE WAS NEVER ANY-THING TO IT!


BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ALONG THE SMOKE-SHROUDED FRONT...

WE'RE WITHIN RANGE--TURN ON THE PULVERIZERS!
HERE THEY COME! LET 'EM HAVE IT!


BUT AS A HIGH, THIN, WAILING SOUND PIERCES THE BATTLEFIELD..
MY RIFLE--IT... IT'S MELTING!
WHA--! OUR...OUR BARBED WIRE COILS ARE DISINTEGRATING!


EVERYTHING MADE OF METAL HAS MELTED! WE DON'T HAVE ANY WEAPONS!
THEY'RE HELPLESS! MOW THEM DOWN!



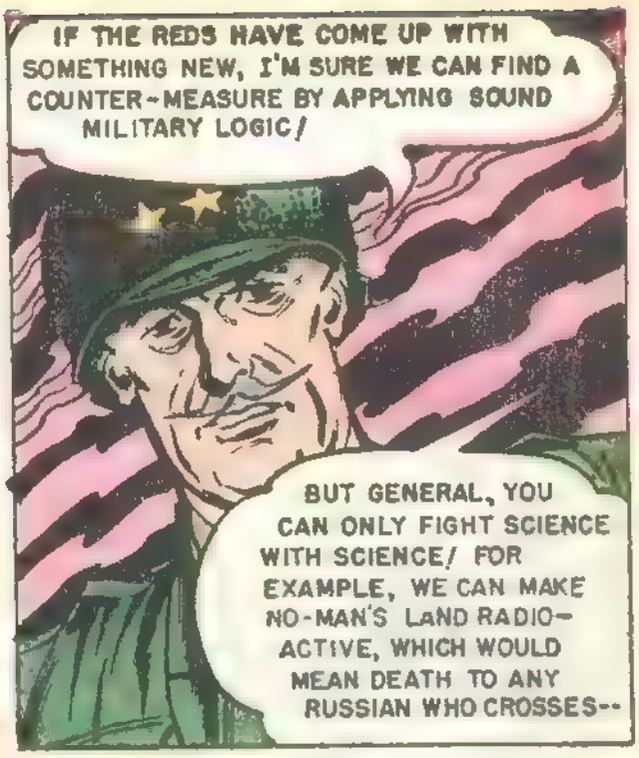
A FEW HEROIC G.I.'S TRY TO STEM THE RED TIDE--IN VAIN!
AT LEAST WE'VE STILL GOT OUR WOODEN RIFLE STOCKS--KNOCK ON WOOD!
KILL THE DIRTY BOURGEOIS!

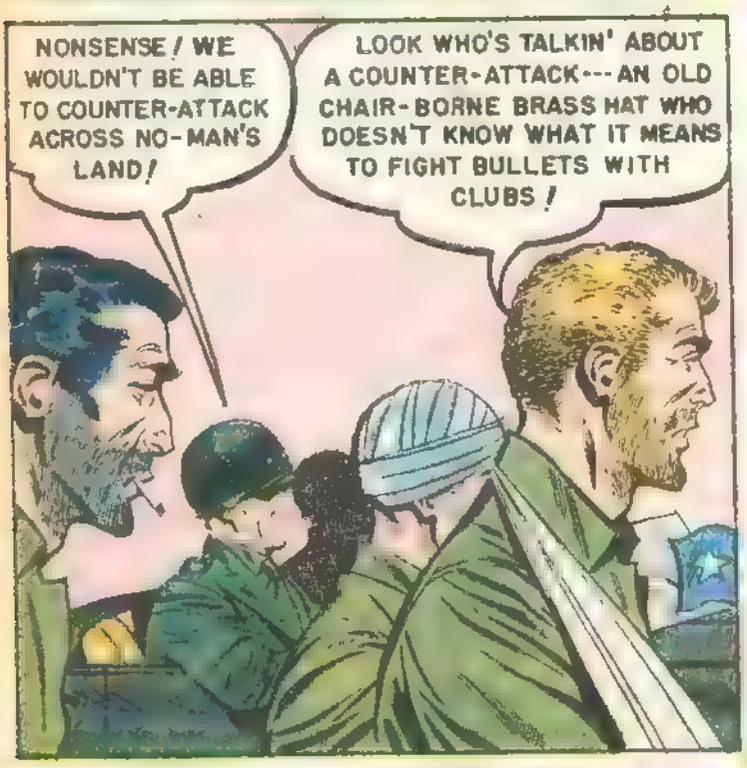
AS THE FRANTIC FIELD REPORTS COME IN TO ARMY HEADQUARTERS...
ALL OUR METAL WEAPONS AT THE FRONT--FROM RIFLES TO TANKS--HAVE DISINTEGRATED! OUR LOSSES ARE VERY HEAVY!
WE'LL FIND OUT LATER WHAT HAPPENED! RIGHT NOW, ORDER A RETREAT TO OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENSES!

IT-IT'S TRUE! THOSE MEN RETREATING FROM THE FRONT DON'T HAVE A SINGLE METALLIC THING ON THEM! BUT HOW DID IT ALL HAPPEN?
IT MUST BE THE NEW HIGH-FREQUENCY SONAR WEAPON THAT BOTH WE AND THE REDS WERE KNOWN TO BE WORKING ON, SIR!

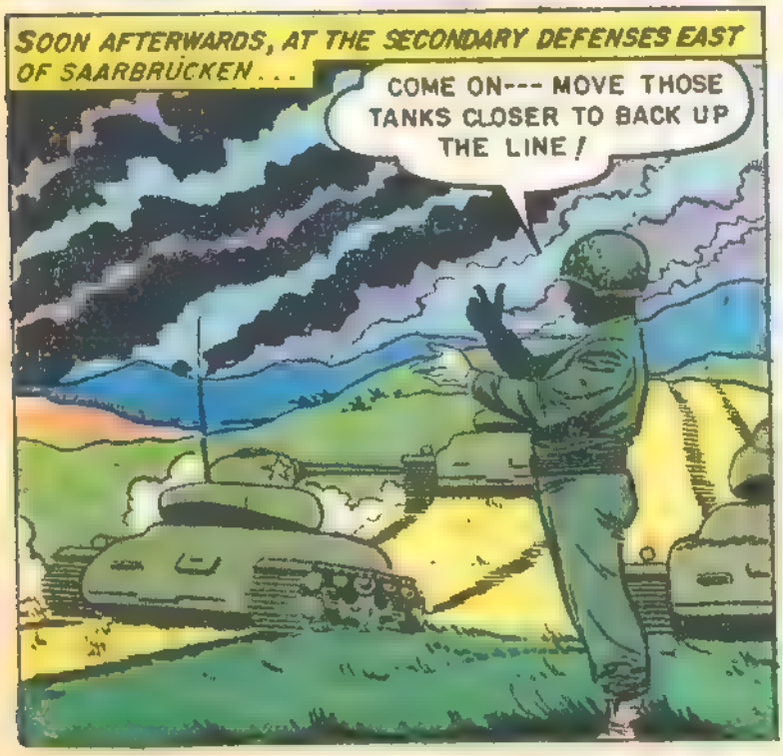
SPEAK ENGLISH, MAN! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE THEORY IS SIMPLE, SIR! HIGH-FREQUENCY SOUND WAVES, EVEN FROM A SINGER'S HIGH NOTES, CAN SET NEARBY OBJECTS TO VIBRATING UNTIL THEY CRACK OR SMASH! YOU CAN MAKE ANYTHING DISINTEGRATE, IF YOU GET IT RESONATING AT THE RIGHT FREQUENCY!

THE REDS HAVE APPARENTLY PERFECTED A SUPERSONIC AMPLIFIER WHOSE SOUND WAVES CORRESPOND WITH THE RESONATING FREQUENCY OF METALS--- AND THE METALS VIBRATE TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT THEY'RE PULVERIZED!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE DOUBLE-TALK TO ME!


IF THE REDS HAVE COME UP WITH SOMETHING NEW, I'M SURE WE CAN FIND A COUNTER-MEASURE BY APPLYING SOUND MILITARY LOGIC!
BUT GENERAL, YOU CAN ONLY FIGHT SCIENCE WITH SCIENCE! FOR EXAMPLE, WE CAN MAKE NO-MAN'S LAND RADIO-ACTIVE, WHICH WOULD MEAN DEATH TO ANY RUSSIAN WHO CROSSES--

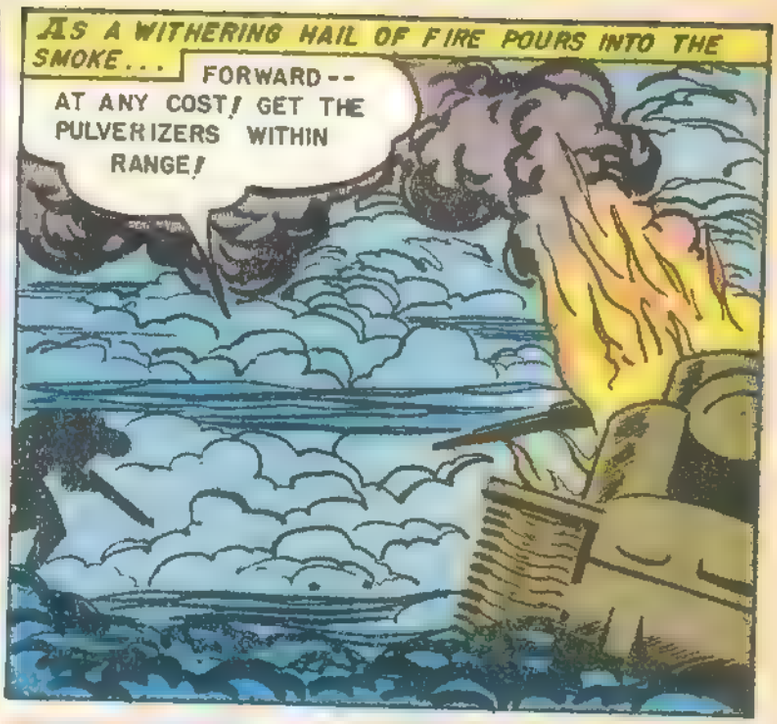

NONSENSE! WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COUNTER-ATTACK ACROSS NO-MAN'S LAND!
LOOK WHO'S TALKIN' ABOUT A COUNTER-ATTACK--- AN OLD CHAIR-BORNE BRASS HAT WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO FIGHT BULLETS WITH CLUBS!

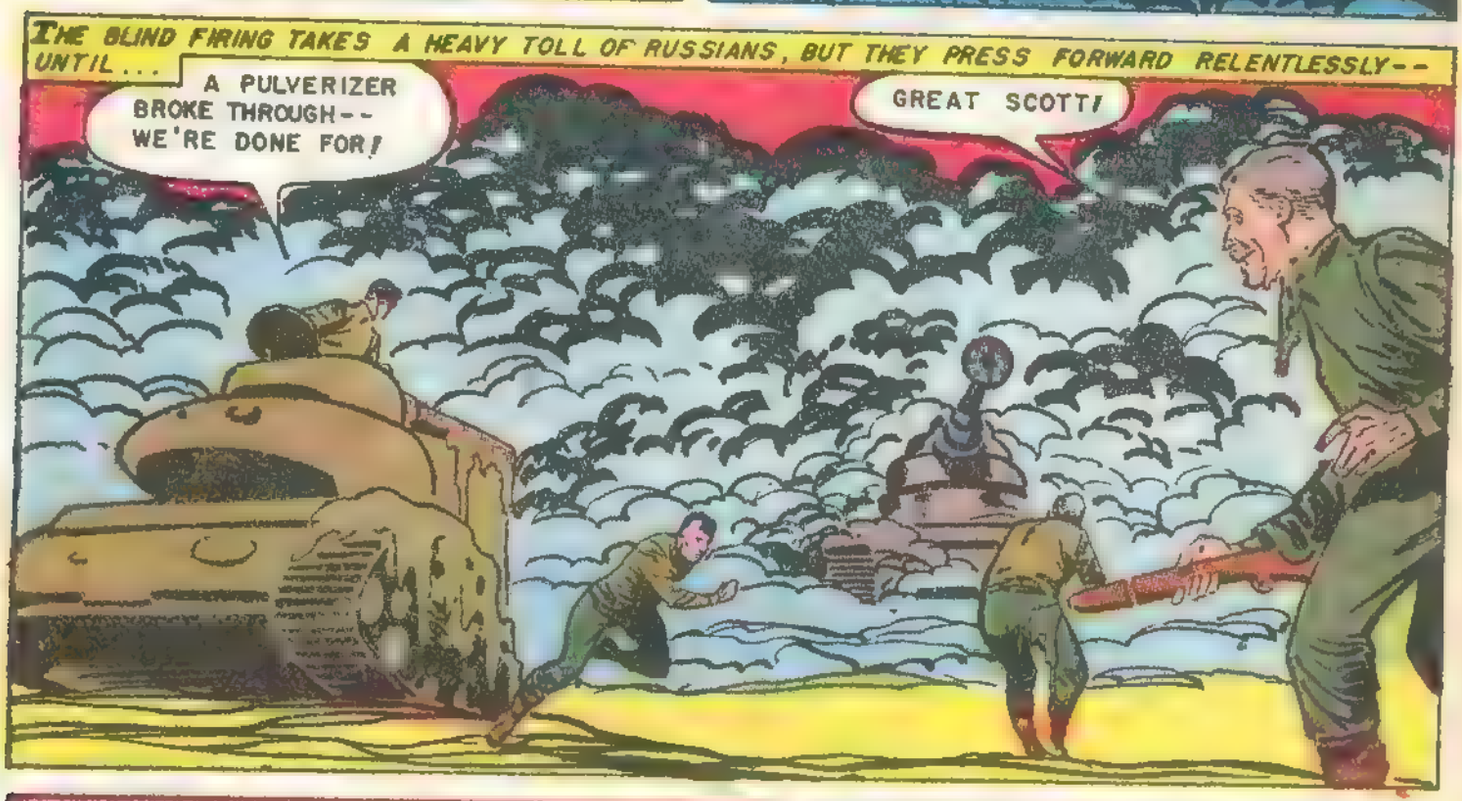
I HEARD THAT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE DISCIPLINARY ACTION NOW---THEIR MORALE IS TOO LOW! I'LL HAVE TO RAISE THAT MORALE...
I'VE COME TO A DECISION---I'M GOING TO STAY AT THE FRONT UNTIL I SEE THIS NEW RED WEAPON FOR MYSELF!

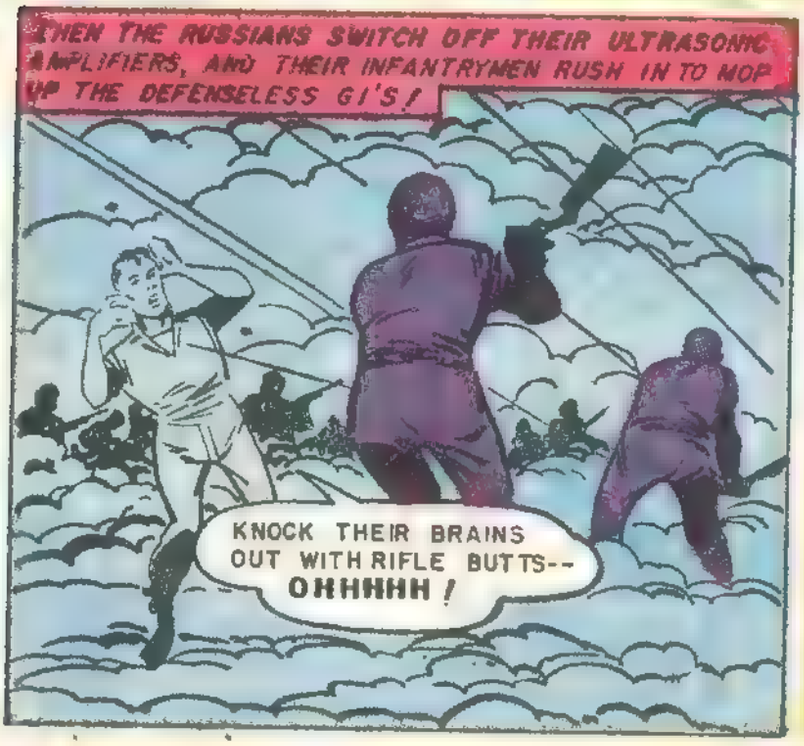

SOON AFTERWARDS, AT THE SECONDARY DEFENSES EAST OF SAARBRÜCKEN...
COME ON--- MOVE THOSE TANKS CLOSER TO BACK UP THE LINE!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS NO-MAN'S LAND...
FIRE SMOKE SHELLS!
FIRE!
BAROOM

I KNOW YOU CAN'T SEE THE REDS THROUGH THE SMOKE, MEN, BUT CUT LOOSE WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! FIRE RIGHT INTO THE SMOKESCREEN! YOU MUST STOP THOSE NEW WEAPONS BEFORE THEY GET WITHIN EFFECTIVE RANGE!


AS A WITHERING HAIL OF FIRE POURS INTO THE SMOKE...
FORWARD-- AT ANY COST! GET THE PULVERIZERS WITHIN RANGE!


THE BLIND FIRING TAKES A HEAVY TOLL OF RUSSIANS, BUT THEY PRESS FORWARD RELENTLESSLY-- UNTIL...
A PULVERIZER BROKE THROUGH-- WE'RE DONE FOR!
GREAT SCOTT!


THEN THE RUSSIANS SWITCH OFF THEIR ULTRASONIC AMPLIFIERS, AND THEIR INFANTRYMEN RUSH IN TO MOP UP THE DEFENSELESS GI'S!
KNOCK THEIR BRAINS OUT WITH RIFLE BUTTS-- OHHHHH!

DON'T LOSE YOUR LIVES NEEDLESSLY, MEN-- RETREAT BACK TO SAARBRÜCKEN!
WE MIGHT AS WELL RETREAT ALL THE WAY BACK TO HOBOKEN IF OLD MAN BARCLAY STAYS ON AS C.O.!

OPERATION SATELLITE

BY JULY OF 1960, THE HORRORS OF ATOMIC WAR HAD BEEN DRIVEN HOME TO ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY ON EARTH. ENTIRE CITIES HAD BEEN PULVERIZED IN HELL-BOMB BLASTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD--- BUT IN A WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., A SMALL GROUP OF MEN MET IN CONFERENCE, GRIM BUT UNAFRAID...

WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT'S THE LATEST BATTLE SITUATION?

WE'VE STOPPED THE ENEMY'S WESTERN OFFENSIVE, MISTER PRESIDENT ---AND WE'RE HOLDING ON ALL THE OTHER FRONTS! IT'S BECOME A WAR OF ATTRITION ---AND OUR SCIENTISTS ARE TRYING TO PERFECT NEW WEAPONS TO DELIVER A KAYO PUNCH! BUT THE RED SCIENTISTS ARE BUSY TRYING TO DO THE SAME THING!

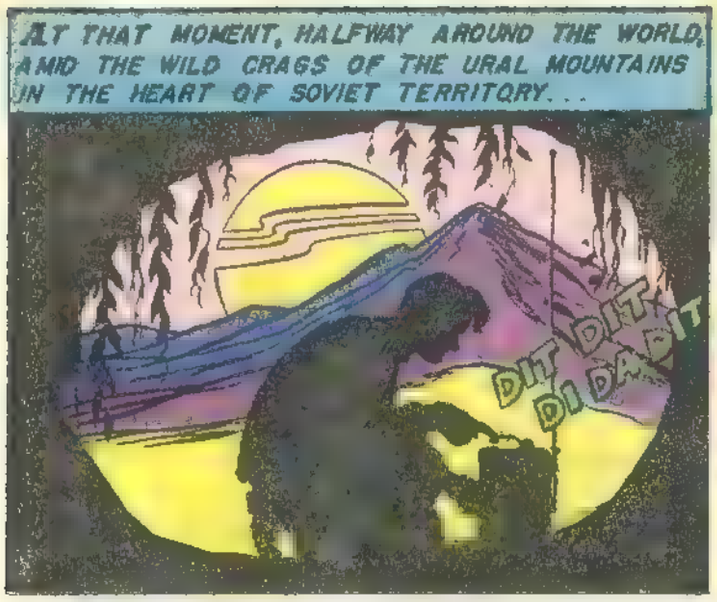
...ANY FURTHER PROGRESS ON THE PROJECT TO FORM A SATELLITE IN SPACE BETWEEN EARTH AND THE MOON?

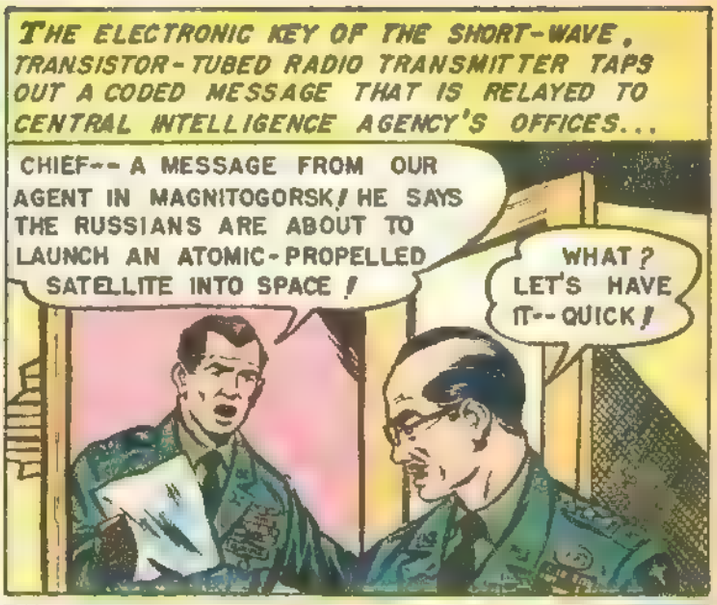
NO, WE'RE STYMIED ON OPERATION SATELLITE! WE HAVEN'T PERFECTED A ROCKET FUEL POWERFUL ENOUGH TO GET PAST THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF EARTH!

HALT
U.S. MILITARY H.Q.
TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT

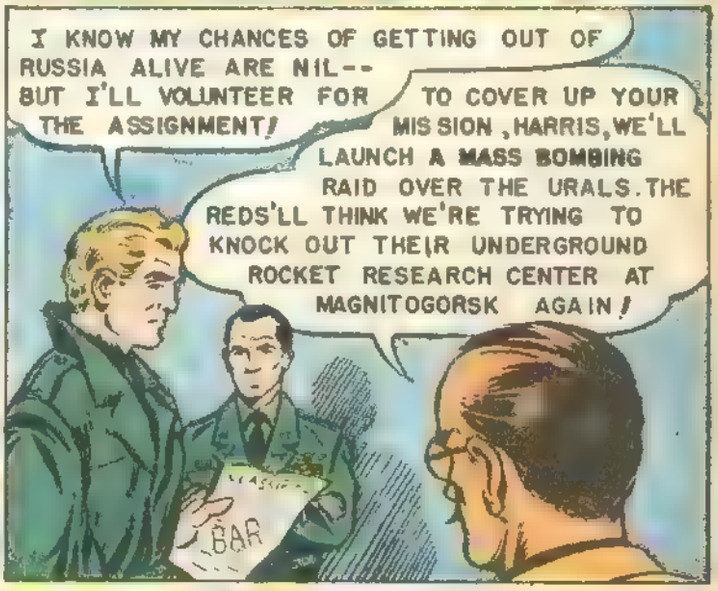
WE'VE GOT TO SOLVE THAT PROBLEM! THE RUSSIANS, WITH HELP FROM GERMAN SCIENTISTS, ARE WAY AHEAD OF US IN ROCKET RESEARCH--- AND IF THEY SUCCEED IN THEIR OPERATION SATELLITE, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO RAIN ATOM BOMBS DOWN ON US THAT CAN'T BE INTERCEPTED OR DESTROYED --- AND WE'LL HAVE LOST THE WAR!

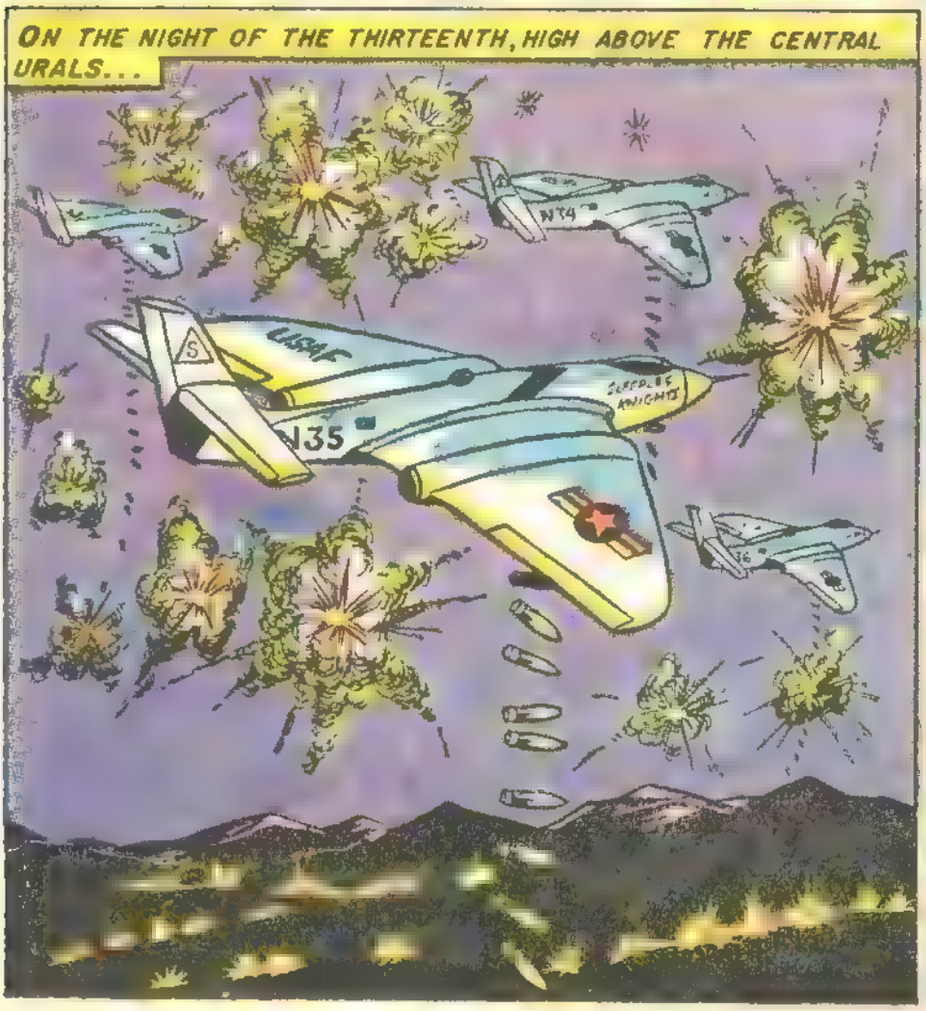
TOP SECRET

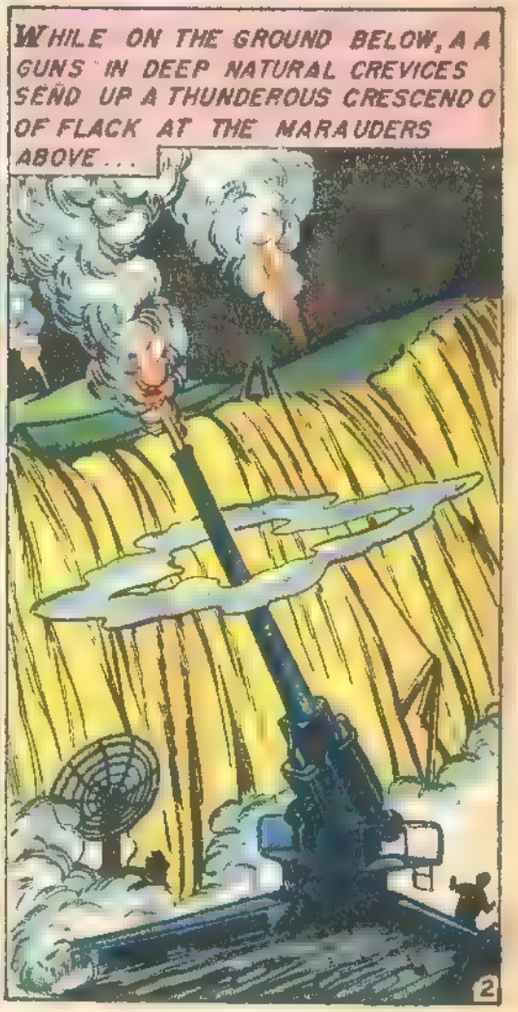

AT THAT MOMENT, HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD, AMID THE WILD CRAGS OF THE URAL MOUNTAINS IN THE HEART OF SOVIET TERRITORY...
DIT DIT DI DA DIT

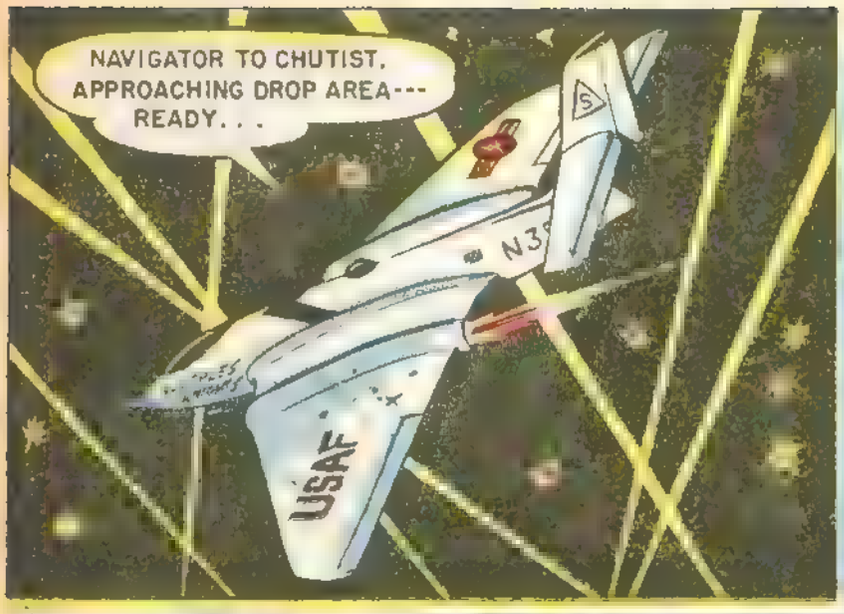

THE ELECTRONIC KEY OF THE SHORT-WAVE, TRANSISTOR-TUBED RADIO TRANSMITTER TAPS OUT A CODED MESSAGE THAT IS RELAYED TO CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY'S OFFICES...
CHIEF-- A MESSAGE FROM OUR AGENT IN MAGNITOGORSK! HE SAYS THE RUSSIANS ARE ABOUT TO LAUNCH AN ATOMIC-PROPELLED SATELLITE INTO SPACE!
WHAT? LET'S HAVE IT-- QUICK!

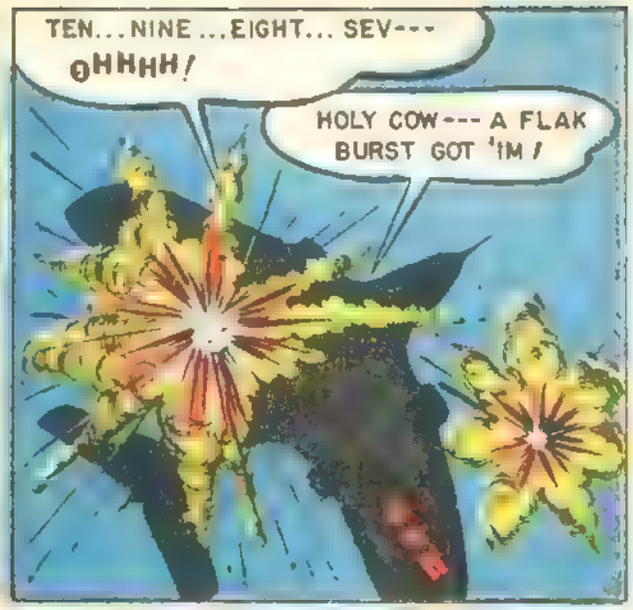
"URGENT-- RUSSIAN-SPEAKING EXPERT IN DISGUISE, SIX FEET, ONE NINETY POUNDS, PARACHUTE DOWN AT GRID MARKINGS Z9681, K4329, NEAR MAGNITOGORSK, NIGHT OF 13th, CARRYING MAKEUP KIT AND AERIAL PHOTORAMAS OF VITAL RUSSIAN TARGETS... SIGNED, TIM O'SHENKO."
AGENT GLENN HARRIS FITS THAT DESCRIPTION, CHIEF! I'LL GET HIM RIGHT AWAY!
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE
CLASSIFIED
BAR


I KNOW MY CHANCES OF GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA ALIVE ARE NIL-- BUT I'LL VOLUNTEER FOR THE ASSIGNMENT!
TO COVER UP YOUR MISSION, HARRIS, WE'LL LAUNCH A MASS BOMBING RAID OVER THE URALS. THE REDS'LL THINK WE'RE TRYING TO KNOCK OUT THEIR UNDERGROUND ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER AT MAGNITOGORSK AGAIN!
BAR


ON THE NIGHT OF THE THIRTEENTH, HIGH ABOVE THE CENTRAL URALS...
USAF
N135
N14


WHILE ON THE GROUND BELOW, A A GUNS IN DEEP NATURAL CREVICES SEND UP A THUNDEROUS CRESCENDO OF FLACK AT THE MARAUDERS ABOVE...


NAVIGATOR TO CHUTIST, APPROACHING DROP AREA--- READY. . .
USAF


TEN...NINE...EIGHT... SEV---
OHHHH!
HOLY COW--- A FLAK BURST GOT 'IM!

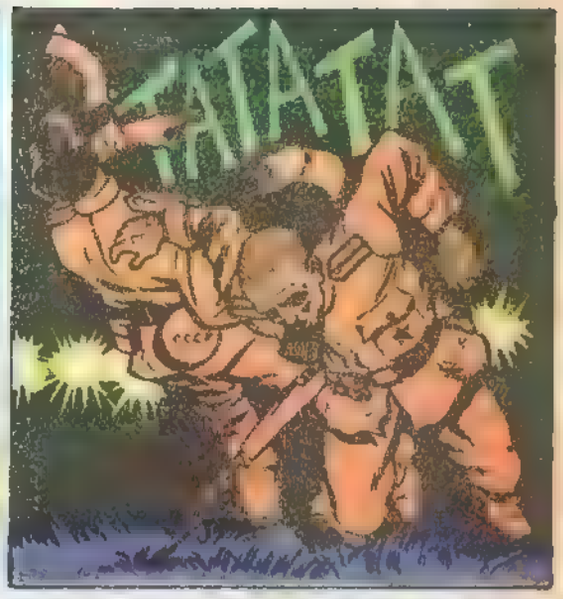
...FOUR...THREE...(GASP)
NEVER MIND, PAL--- I WAS COUNTING! I'M ON MY WAY!

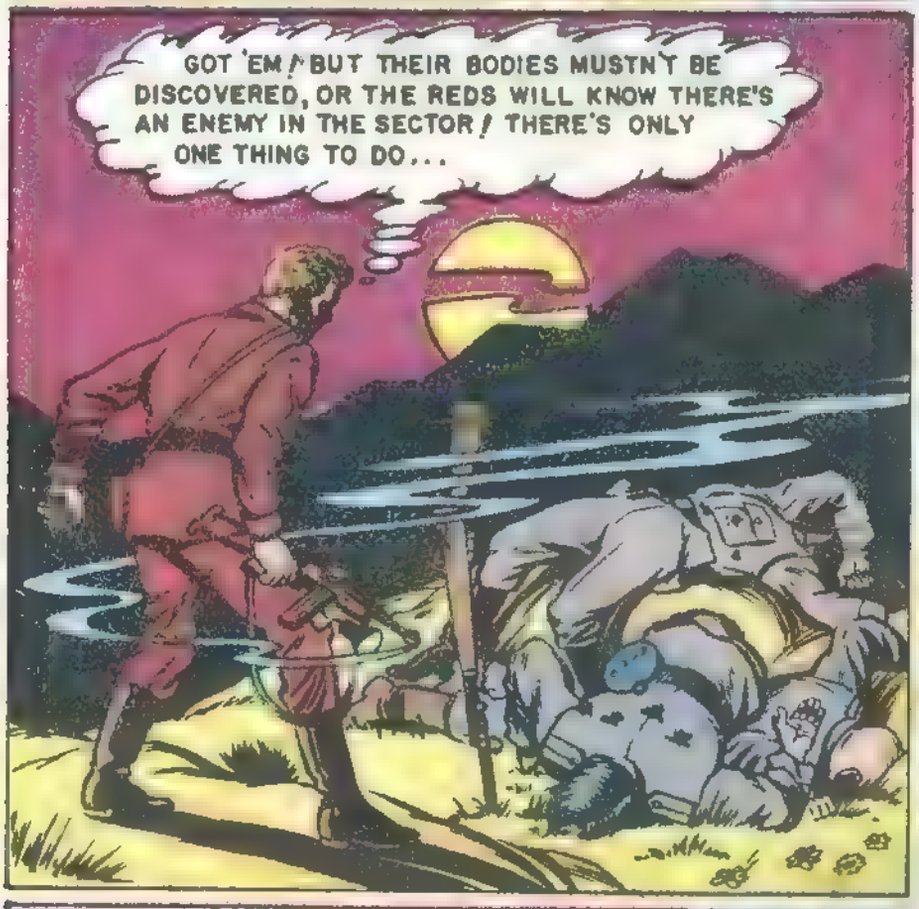
ANOTHER BURST GOT 'EM--- THE PLANE'S AFIRE! POOR DEVILS ---AND THEY HAD ORDERS NOT TO JUMP, TO KEEP THE REDS FROM SCOURING THE AREA FOR CHUTISTS!

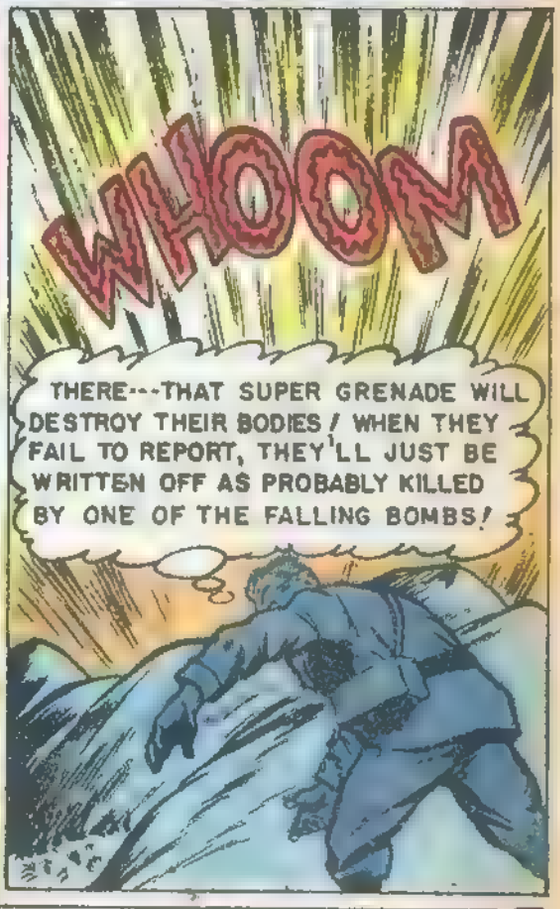
IT'S HARD TO TELL IN THE DARK, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OF THE LANDMARKS I SHOULD SEE! I'D BETTER FINISH BURYING MY CHUTE AND THEN START SCOUTING AROUND!

BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...
BLAST IT---I TRIPPED!
WHAM!
КТО ЭТО? ОТВЕЧАТЬ!

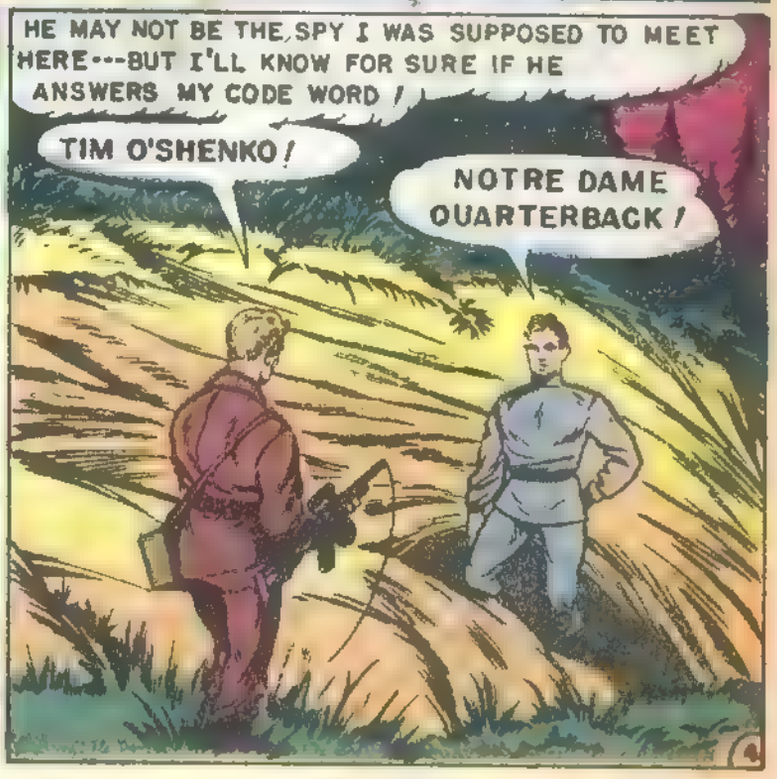
A RED PATROL MUST'VE HEARD MY FALL! THEY CAN'T SEE ME IN THE DARKNESS--- BUT I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THEM IN MY INFRA-RED VISISCOPE!

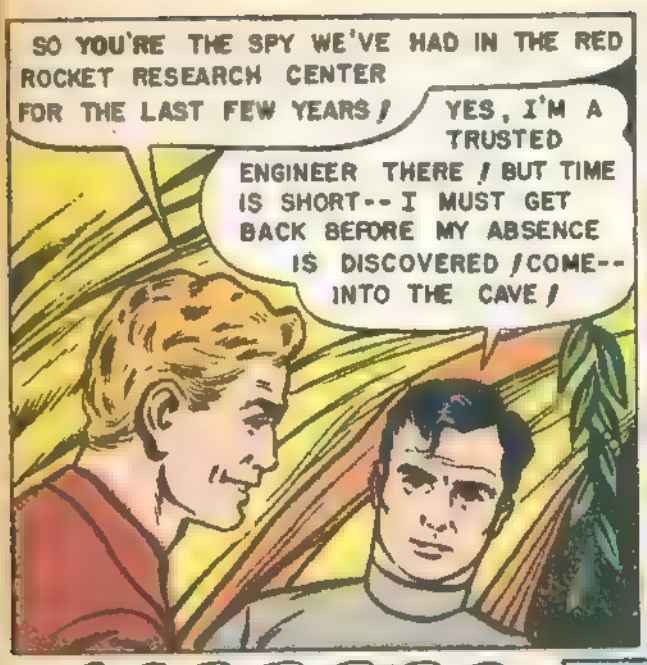

TATATAT


GOT 'EM! BUT THEIR BODIES MUSTN'T BE DISCOVERED, OR THE REDS WILL KNOW THERE'S AN ENEMY IN THE SECTOR! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...


WHOOM
THERE---THAT SUPER GRENADE WILL DESTROY THEIR BODIES! WHEN THEY FAIL TO REPORT, THEY'LL JUST BE WRITTEN OFF AS PROBABLY KILLED BY ONE OF THE FALLING BOMBS!

THEN, AS THE DAWN REDDENS THE SKY...
AH, THERE ARE SOME OF THE LANDMARKS I WAS TO LOOK FOR! WAIT---THERE'S A RUSSIAN WATCHING ME!
МАГНИТОГОРСК
НЕ ЕЗДИТЕ ТАК СКБРО!


HE MAY NOT BE THE SPY I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET HERE---BUT I'LL KNOW FOR SURE IF HE ANSWERS MY CODE WORD!
TIM O'SHENKO!
NOTRE DAME QUARTERBACK!


SO YOU'RE THE SPY WE'VE HAD IN THE RED ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS!
YES, I'M A TRUSTED ENGINEER THERE! BUT TIME IS SHORT--I MUST GET BACK BEFORE MY ABSENCE IS DISCOVERED! COME--INTO THE CAVE!

HERE'S A RUSSIAN COLONEL'S UNIFORM, DOWN TO THE LAST MEDAL! AND HERE'S A PHOTO OF COLONEL VASLAV, CHIEF ENGINEER AT THE ROCKET CENTER! DISGUISE YOURSELF AS HIM--AND STAY PUT UNTIL I RETURN FOR YOU AT MIDNIGHT!
WILL DO!

THIS IS NO CINCH, EVEN FOR AN OLD HOLLYWOOD MAKEUP ARTIST LIKE ME. BUT THIS PLASTIC PUTTY OUGHT TO HELP MAKE MY HIGH CHEEKBONES LOOK REALISTIC...

AT MIDNIGHT...
КАК ВЫ ПОЖИВАЕТЕ? ДОВОЛЕН?
EXCELLENT! YOU COULD FOOL VASLAV'S OWN WIFE. BUT NOW COME--I'LL TAKE YOU TO A SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERGROUND ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER!

TEN MINUTES LATER...
ENTER! DEEP BELOW THESE ROCKS, THE REDS HAVE BUILT A HUGE, ATOMIC-POWERED ROCKET WHICH CAN HURTLE OUT INTO FREE SPACE--AND REVOLVE LIKE A MINOR SATELLITE AROUND THE EARTH!

WITH THE HELP OF NAZI V-2 SCIENTISTS, THE REDS GEARED THE SATELLITE SO IT'LL DROP GUIDED ATOMIC MISSILES DOWN UPON EARTH! EACH MISSILE HAS PHOTO-RAMAS--LINKED UP WITH A TELEVISION SCANNER--OF KEY U.S. TARGET AREAS...
AH, I GET IT!

THE MISSILE STAYS IN THE ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH AND WHEN THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL FINDS ITS TWIN-BANG!
EXACTLY! QUIET NOW--WE ARE AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE UNDERGROUND CITY!

AS THE SPY SLIDES A STONE SLAB AWAY, AN ASTONISHING SIGHT GREETS GLENN HARRIS'S EYES...

GREAT SCOTT---THE REDS MUST'VE HOLLOWED OUT THE CORE OF AN ENTIRE MOUNTAIN!

YES, THIS PART IS ALWAYS IN SHADOWS, SO IT'LL BE EASY FOR YOU TO STEP OUT AND WALK CASUALLY TO COLONEL VASLAV'S QUARTERS--- THE ONE GUARDED BY THE SENTRY! NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE TO DO...

SOME MINUTES LATER, GLENN, AS COLONEL VASLAV, LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE CAVERN FLOOR---AND SOON...

COLONEL VASLAV! I THOUGHT YOU RETIRED AN HOUR AGO! I DIDN'T SEE YOU LEAVE YOUR QUARTERS!

THEN YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP AT YOUR POST! IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, IT MEANS THE FIRING SQUAD! NOW LET ME PASS, FOOL!

INSIDE...

ACCORDING TO TIM O'SHENKO'S DIRECTIONS, THIS SHOULD BE VASLAV'S BEDROOM! OH-OH, THAT DOOR WOULD HAVE TO SQUEAK!

KREEK!

WHO'S THERE? WHA---IT... IT'S ME! I... I MEAN, I'M YOU---!

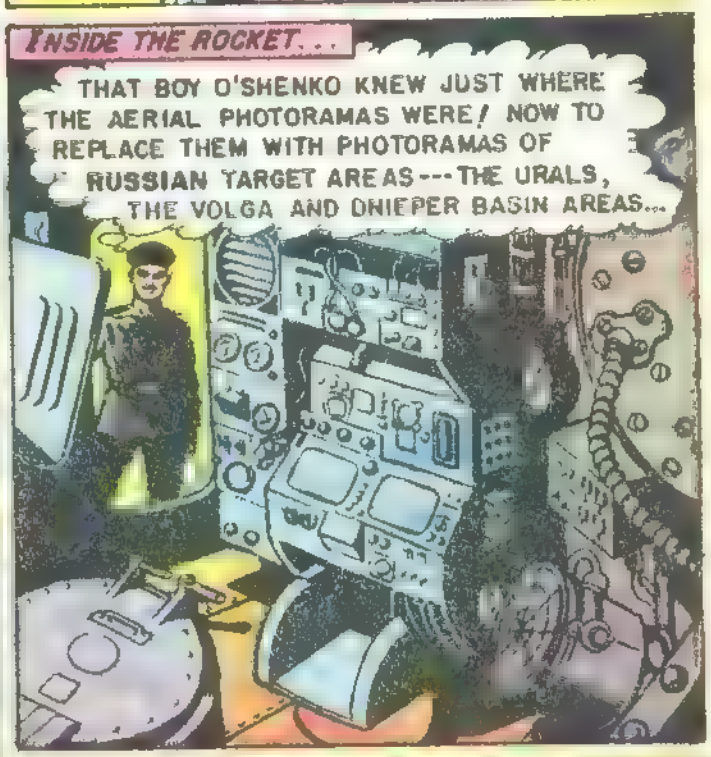
YOU'RE WRONG--- YOU'RE DEAD!

KAHUNG!

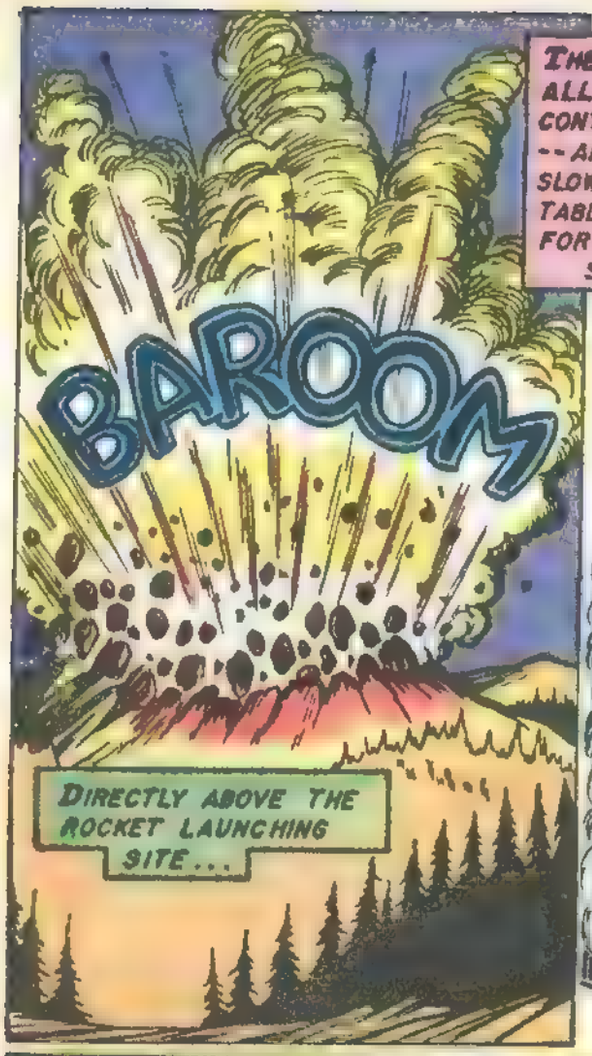
MINUTES LATER, IN THE COLONEL'S KITCHEN...
AH, THE INCINERATOR CHUTE JUST AS O'SHENKO DESCRIBED IT! NOW TO CRAWL INTO VASLAV'S BED AND FINISH HIS SLEEP!

IN THE MORNING...
ORDER MY JEEP! I WISH TO BE DRIVEN TO THE ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE!
IMMEDIATELY, COMRADE COLONEL!

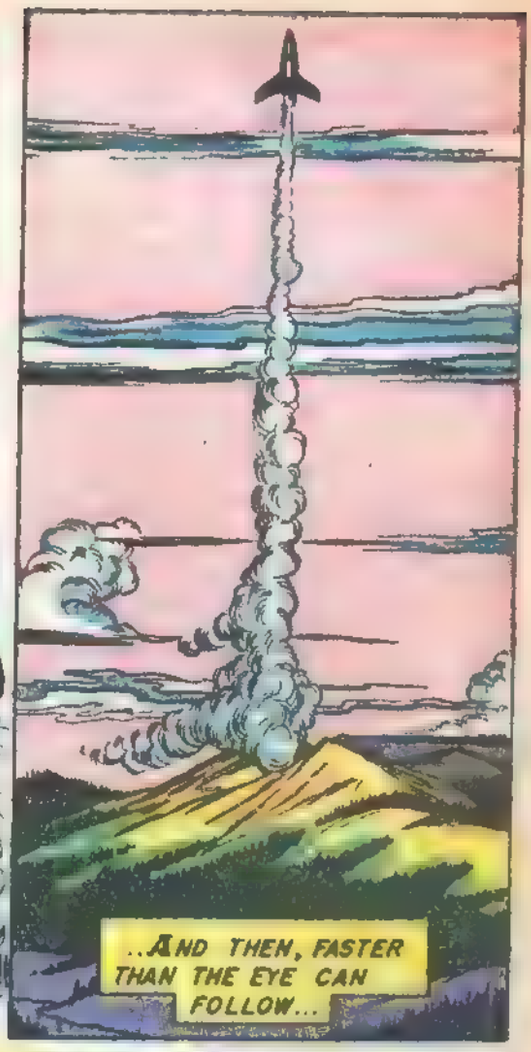
SOON.
ЛЕНИН
YE GODS---IT'S STUPENDOUS! BUT I MUSTN'T GAPE---I'VE GOT TO ACT AS IF I'VE SEEN THE ROCKET HUNDREDS OF TIMES BEFORE!
I'M GOING INSIDE TO DO SOME LAST- MINUTE CHECKING! WAIT FOR ME HERE!


INSIDE THE ROCKET...
THAT BOY O'SHENKO KNEW JUST WHERE THE AERIAL PHOTORAMAS WERE! NOW TO REPLACE THEM WITH PHOTORAMAS OF RUSSIAN TARGET AREAS---THE URALS, THE VOLGA AND DNIEPER BASIN AREAS...

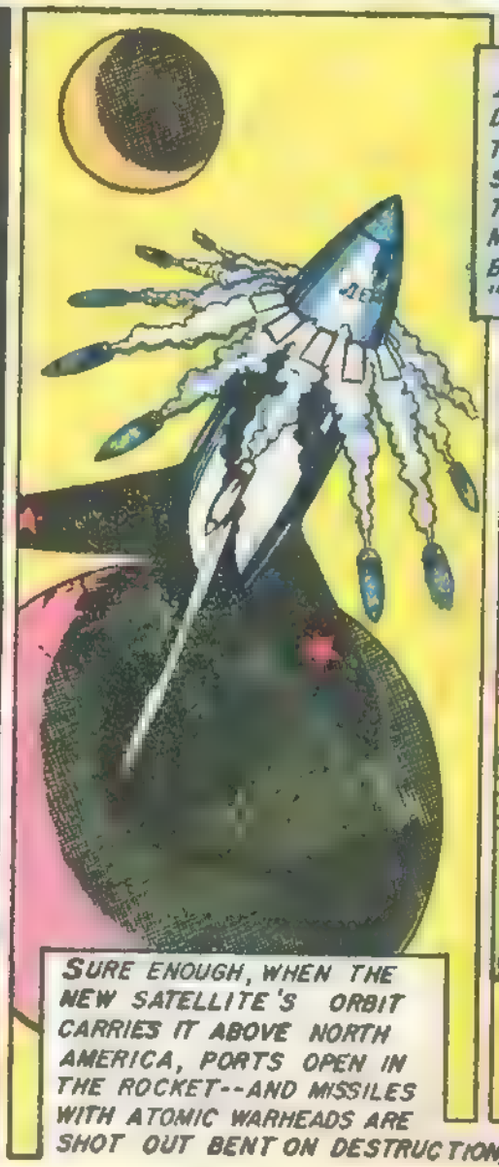
AS AGENT GLENN HARRIS, ALIAS IVAN VASLAV, LEAVES THE ROCKET
WELL, IVAN, IS EVERYTHING READY?
EVERYTHING!
EXCELLENT! THEN WE CAN DYNAMITE AWAY THE THIN ROCKY ROOF ABOVE THE ROCKET!

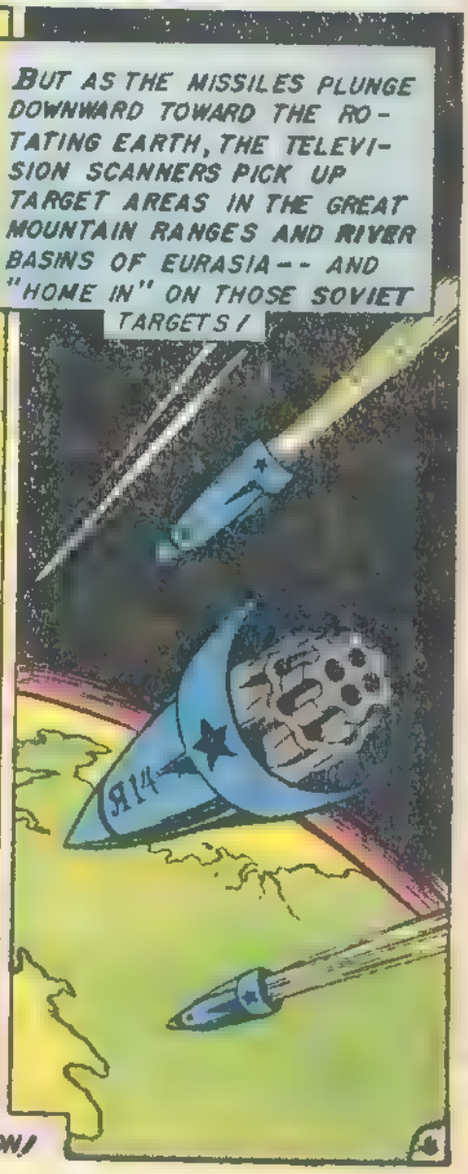

BAROOM
DIRECTLY ABOVE THE ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE...

THE SITE IS CLEARED OF ALL PERSONNEL, A REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH IS PULLED --AND THE MIGHTY ROCKET SLOWLY RISES ON A VERITABLE COLUMN OF FIRE! FOR A MOMENT IT HOVERS, SEEMINGLY MOTIONLESS...


..AND THEN, FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW...

HOURS LATER, IN THE MT. WHITNEY ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, WHERE THE NEW 400-INCH TELESCOPE IS HOUSED...
A--A NEW SATELLITE -- ABOUT A THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH! IT--IT'S A MAN-MADE ONE--AND SINCE IT'S NOT OURS, IT MUST BE THE RUSSIANS!
IF THEY EVER LAUNCH ATOMIC MISSILES FROM THERE, WE'RE DOOMED!


SURE ENOUGH, WHEN THE NEW SATELLITE'S ORBIT CARRIES IT ABOVE NORTH AMERICA, PORTS OPEN IN THE ROCKET--AND MISSILES WITH ATOMIC WARHEADS ARE SHOT OUT BENT ON DESTRUCTION!


BUT AS THE MISSILES PLUNGE DOWNWARD TOWARD THE ROTATING EARTH, THE TELEVISION SCANNERS PICK UP TARGET AREAS IN THE GREAT MOUNTAIN RANGES AND RIVER BASINS OF EURASIA-- AND "HOME IN" ON THOSE SOVIET TARGETS!

WHILE IN THE NEW SOVIET OBSERVATORY ATOP MT. KAZBEK IN THE CAUCASUS. . .

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG---THE MISSILES WILL FALL ON OUR COUNTRY!

WHAT? STOP THEM---STOP THEM!

BUT, GENERAL, YOU FORGET---THESE MISSILES CAN'T BE STOPPED!

ONE BY ONE THE ATOMIC MISSILES LAND ON THE TARGET AREAS! SOME CRASH TO EARTH IN UNINHABITED MOUNTAIN RANGES, BUT OTHERS HOME IN ON THE HIGHLY INDUSTRIALIZED RIVER VALLEYS WITH THEIR GREAT HYDROELECTRIC DAMS!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE MAGNITOGORSK ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER...

THE GENERALISSIMO DEMANDS A SCAPEGOAT FOR THE DISASTER! WHO WAS THE LAST MAN TO INSPECT THE ROCKET?

COLONEL VASLAV! I--I'LL HAVE HIM PURGED ---AND IN FRONT OF MY WHOLE COMMAND!

SOON...

I--I WISH I COULD HELP HIM---BUT I CAN'T! I--I ONLY HOPE THAT WHEN MY TIME COMES, I'LL GO AS UNFLINCHINGLY AS THAT!

YOU DO NOT WISH THE HANDKERCHIEF AROUND YOUR EYES? THEN LET ITS FALLING BE THE SIGNAL FOR YOUR EXECUTION! READY...AIM...

AT LEAST HE WILL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN! HE HELPED DESTROY THE SATELLITE PROJECT WHICH WAS THREE YEARS IN THE MAKING---AND BEFORE ANOTHER THREE YEARS ARE UP, U.N. SCIENTISTS ARE SURE TO HAVE THEIR OWN MAN-MADE SATELLITE IN SPACE---FOR THE DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY!

THE END

PERIL at Ploesti

DEVIL-DIVER TO FLAGSHIP-- THIS LITTLE BABY BOUNCED LIKE A CORK AWAY FROM YOUR DEPTH CHARGE! SHE CAN TAKE EVERYTHING BUT A DIRECT HIT!

ALL RIGHT, DEVIL-DIVER--THE TEST IS OVER! RETURN TO FLAGSHIP AND REPORT TO FLEET ADMIRAL! YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THAT SUB THROUGH SOME **REAL** ACTION SOON!

WHOOOOM!

AMERICA WAS NOT ALONE IN ITS BATTLE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST AGGRESSORS. FOR MORE THAN FIFTY UNITED NATIONS HAD JOINED THE WAR TO ERASE RED TYRANNY FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH: BUT THERE WERE SOME AMERICANS WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD CLEAN UP THE WAR SINGLE-HANDEDLY IF LEFT ALONE -- AND ONE OF THOSE WAS CHIEF BO'SUN DON WALKER, NOW TESTING A NEW ONE-MAN SUBMARINE BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE TURKISH SEA OF MARMARA...

SOON AFTERWARDS, IN THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS...

WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO KNOCK OUT THE PLOESTI OIL FIELDS IN RUMANIA WITH OUR CARRIER-BASED PLANES, BUT WE'VE LOST TOO MANY TO RED ANTI-AIRCRAFT! SO **YOU'RE** GOING TO MAKE A COMMANDO RAID AGAINST THOSE OIL FIELDS!

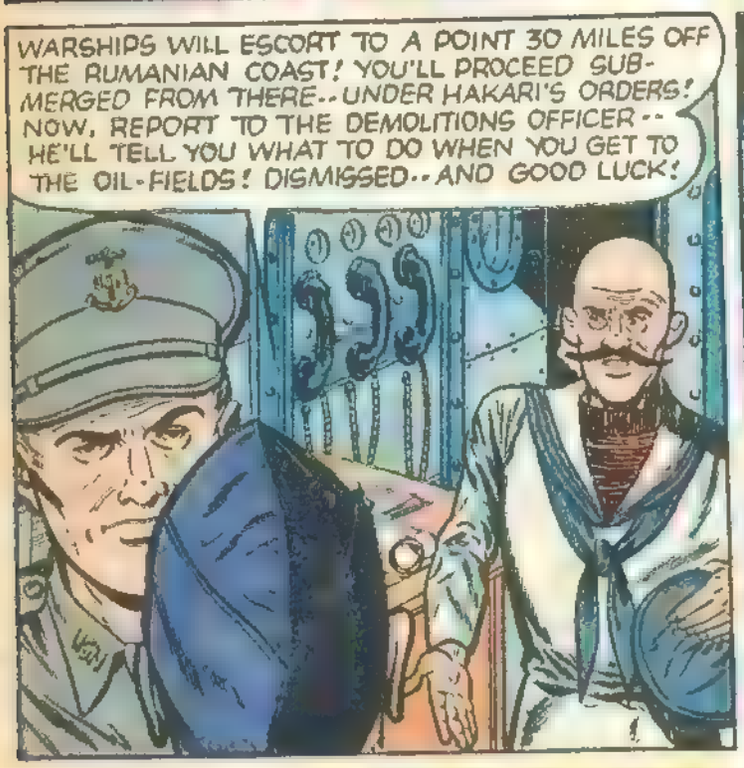
SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT MISSION, SIR!

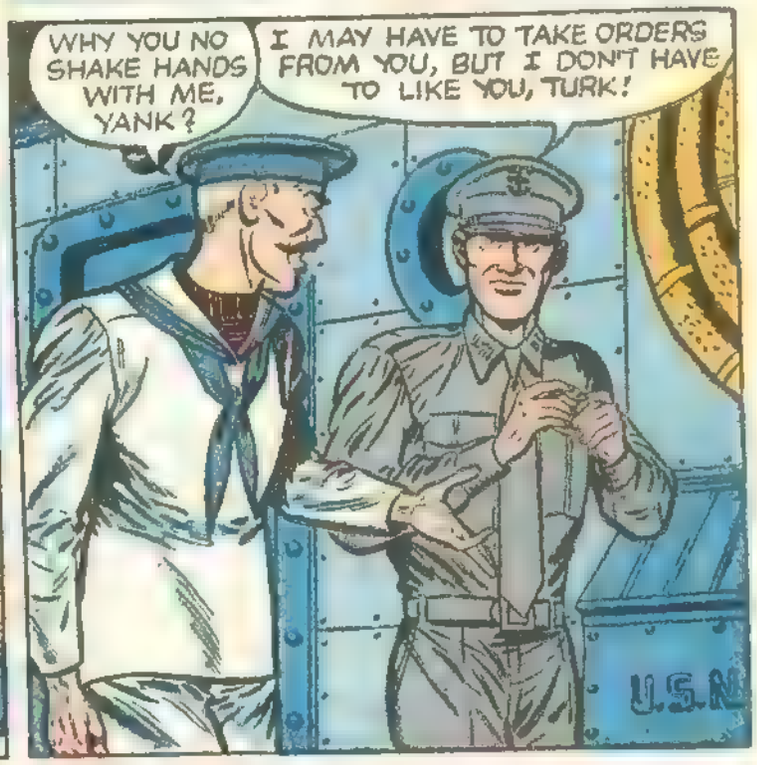
YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM A SEAMAN SECOND CLASS IN THE TURKISH NAVY, WHO'S BEEN TESTING OUR ONLY OTHER ONE-MAN SUBMERSIBLE! HE'S FAMILIAR WITH ALL THE NAVIGATION PROBLEMS IN THE BLACK SEA AND DANUBE RIVER!

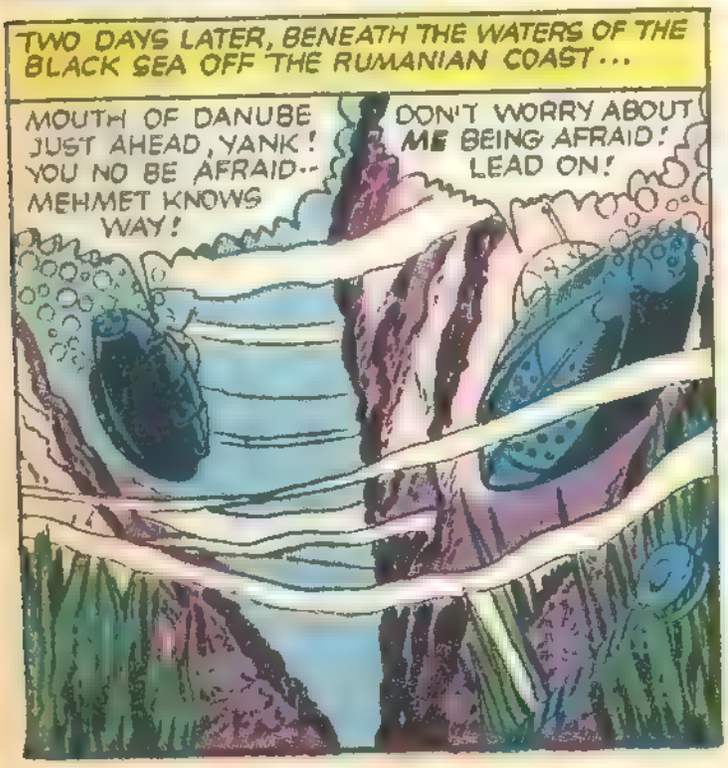
BUT, SIR! HOW CAN I TAKE ORDERS FROM AN ORDINARY SEAMAN-- AND A FOREIGNER AT THAT?

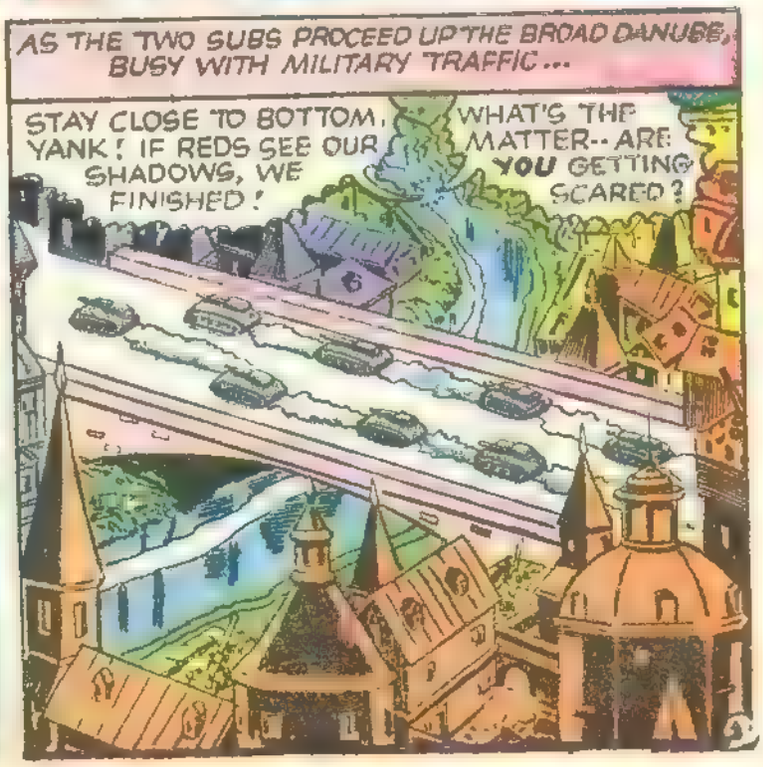
I'M SURE AMERICANS CAN DO THE JOB ALONE! BESIDES, ON A MISSION LIKE THIS, I'D LIKE SOMEONE I KNOW AND CAN TRUST-- WHO WON'T RUN IF THE GOING GETS ROUGH---!
THAT'LL DO! YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM SEAMAN MEHMET HAKARI, AND THAT'S FINAL! HE'S ABOARD SHIP RIGHT NOW... I'LL HAVE HIM BROUGHT IN!

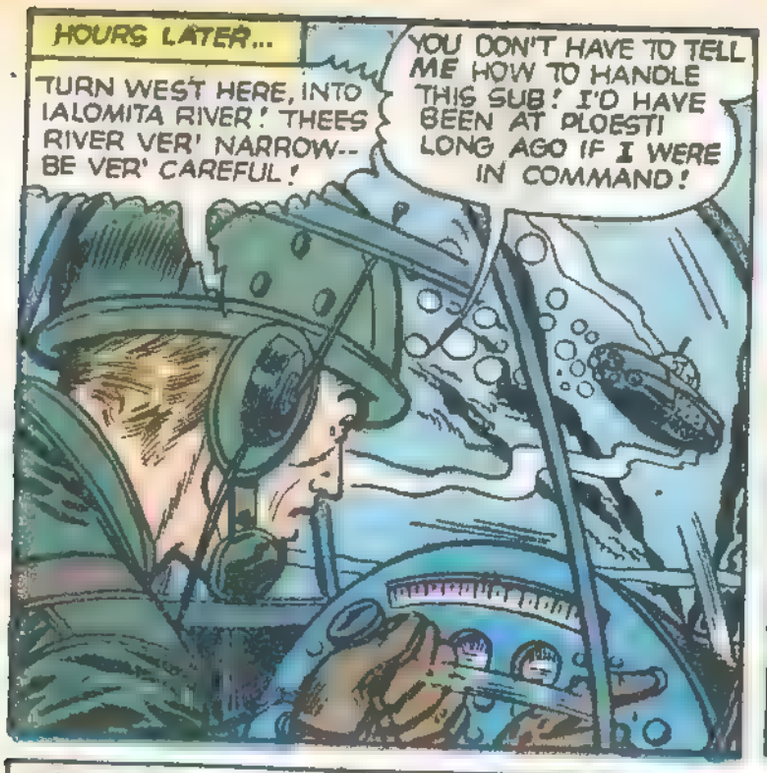
SEAMAN HAKARI, THIS IS YOUR FELLOW COMMANDO, CHIEF BO'SUN WALKER!
VER' HAPPY MEET YOU! SHAKE!
HOW DO WE GET TO PLOESTI, ADMIRAL?

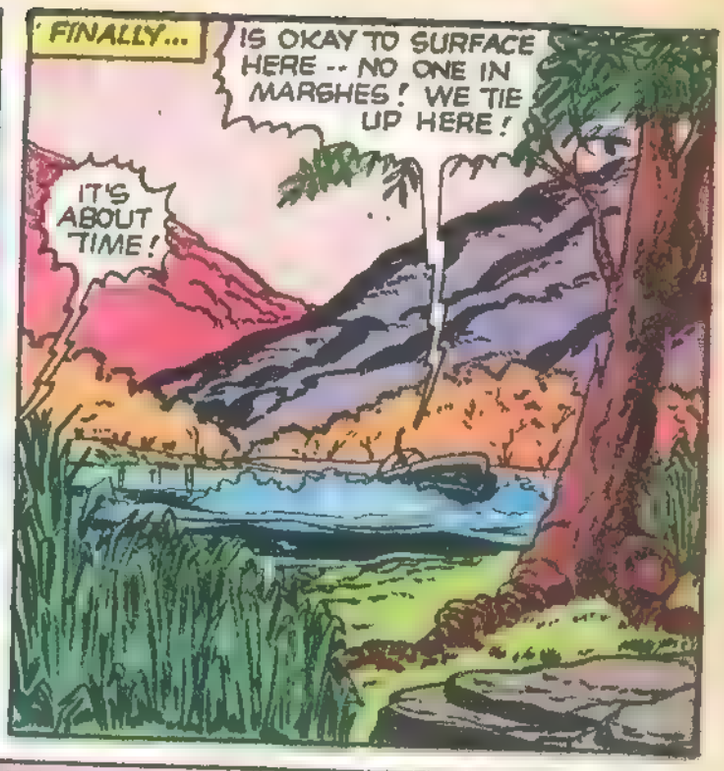

WARSHIPS WILL ESCORT TO A POINT 30 MILES OFF THE RUMANIAN COAST! YOU'LL PROCEED SUBMERGED FROM THERE--UNDER HAKARI'S ORDERS! NOW, REPORT TO THE DEMOLITIONS OFFICER-- HE'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET TO THE OIL-FIELDS! DISMISSED--AND GOOD LUCK!


WHY YOU NO SHAKE HANDS WITH ME, YANK?
I MAY HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO LIKE YOU, TURK!
U.S.N.

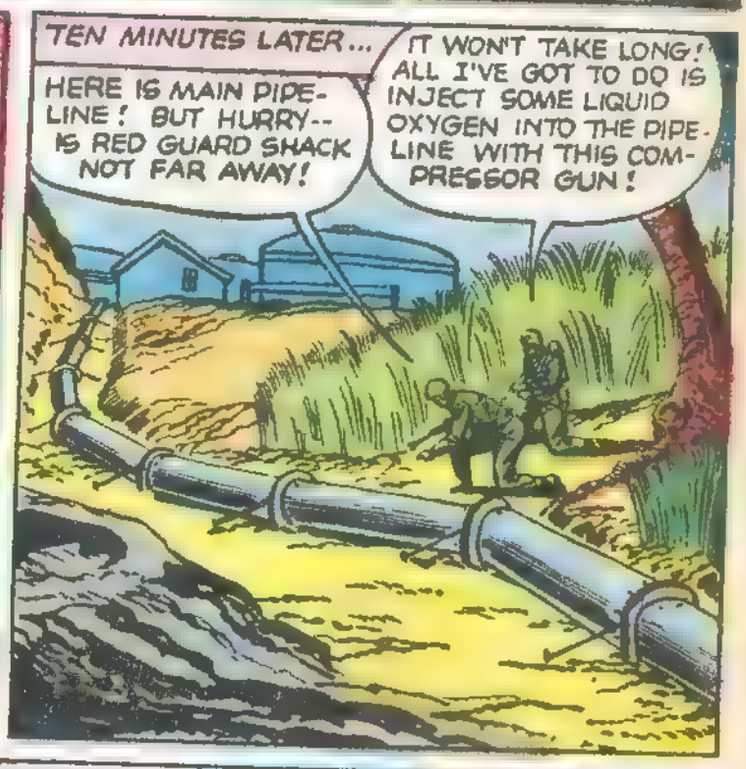

TWO DAYS LATER, BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE BLACK SEA OFF THE RUMANIAN COAST...
MOUTH OF DANUBE JUST AHEAD, YANK! YOU NO BE AFRAID-- MEHMET KNOWS WAY!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME BEING AFRAID! LEAD ON!


AS THE TWO SUBS PROCEED UP THE BROAD DANUBE, BUSY WITH MILITARY TRAFFIC...
STAY CLOSE TO BOTTOM, YANK! IF REDS SEE OUR SHADOWS, WE FINISHED!
WHAT'S THE MATTER--ARE YOU GETTING SCARED?


HOURS LATER...
TURN WEST HERE, INTO IALOMITA RIVER! THEES RIVER VER' NARROW-- BE VER' CAREFUL!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME HOW TO HANDLE THIS SUB! I'D HAVE BEEN AT PLOESTI LONG AGO IF I WERE IN COMMAND!


FINALLY...
IS OKAY TO SURFACE HERE -- NO ONE IN MARSHES! WE TIE UP HERE!
IT'S ABOUT TIME!

WE LEAVE SUBS HIDE HERE! I SHOW WAY TO MAIN PIPE-LINE! YOU HAVE EXPLOSIVES?
WHEN IT COMES TO EXPLOSIVES OR FIGHTING, JUST LEAVE IT TO AN AMERICAN!


TEN MINUTES LATER...
HERE IS MAIN PIPE-LINE! BUT HURRY-- IS RED GUARD SHACK NOT FAR AWAY!
IT WON'T TAKE LONG! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS INJECT SOME LIQUID OXYGEN INTO THE PIPE-LINE WITH THIS COMPRESSOR GUN!

WHY NOT DYNAMITE PIPE?
I WANT TO DO MORE THAN BLOW UP THIS SECTION OF THE PIPE-LINE! LIQUID OXYGEN EXPLODES DIRECTLY ON CONTACT WITH A HYDROCARBON LIKE PETROLEUM -- AND THE OXYGEN WILL MAKE THE FLAMES SPREAD LIKE FURY INSIDE THE PIPE!

SUDDENLY...
Y!!!!!! IS HOT!
BOOM!

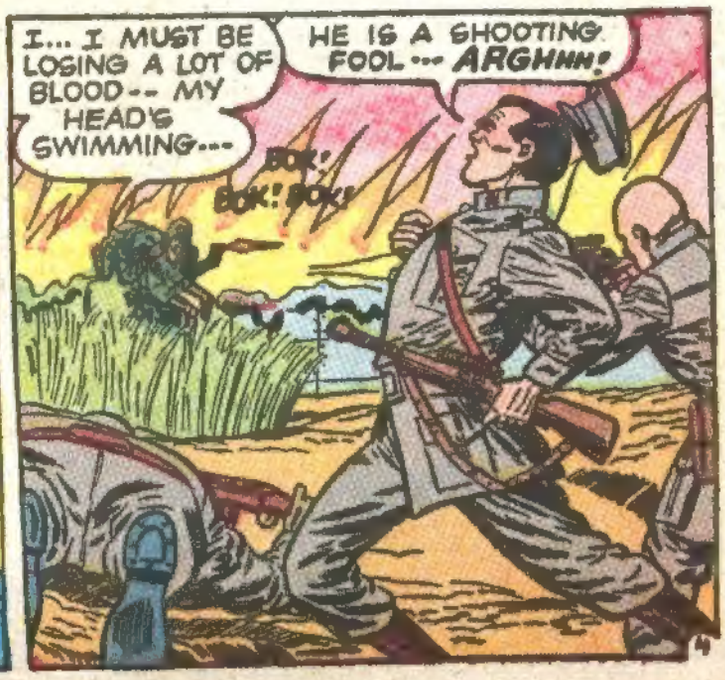
WITH WILDFIRE SWIFTNESS, THE FLAMES SPREAD ALONG THE PIPE-LINE TO THE OIL FIELDS IN ONE DIRECTION...
VLOOOM!

... AND TO THE REFINERIES AND STORAGE TANKS IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!
BA-ROOOM!

BUT AS THE TWO COMMANDOS RACE AWAY FROM THE PIPE-LINE...
RUN! IS RED GUARDS!
I...I'M HIT!

MY... MY LEGS! I CAN'T WALK! LEAVE ME HERE AND GET BACK TO THE RIVER! DON'T LET THE REDS CAPTURE THE SUBS!
THEY NO CAPTURE SUBS-- AND THEY NO CAPTURE YOU!

PUT ME DOWN, YOU DUMB OX! YOU CAN'T CARRY ME AND FIRE AT THE SAME TIME! THE SUBS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN I AM!
YOU YANK-- YOU VER' IMPORTANT TO ME! AND MEHMET CAN STILL FIRE SUB-MACHINE PISTOL!

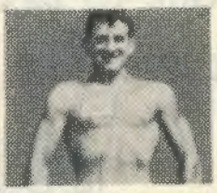

IN A WILD DASH THAT SEEMS LIKE A NIGHTMARE TO WOUNDED DON WALKER...
I... I MUST BE LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD-- MY HEAD'S SWIMMING---
HE IS A SHOOTING FOOL--- ARGHHH!
BOK! BOK! BOK!

FOR ANOTHER GLIMPSE INTO WORLD WAR III -- A WAR THAT MAY NEVER COME IF AMERICA IS PREPARED-- DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF **ATOMIC WAR!**

The End

THEY MAILED THIS COUPON
... and look what I did for them!

"My arms increased 1½"; chest 2½"; forearm ⅞"."—C.S., W.Va.



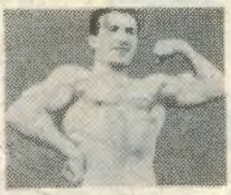
"Gained 2" in neck; 1⅛" in biceps. Never felt better in my life."—J.S., Calif.

T.M., Atlas Cup Winner. "I'm proud of the way you made me an Atlas Champion."

A.H.,—Kans.—Atlas Cup Winner.

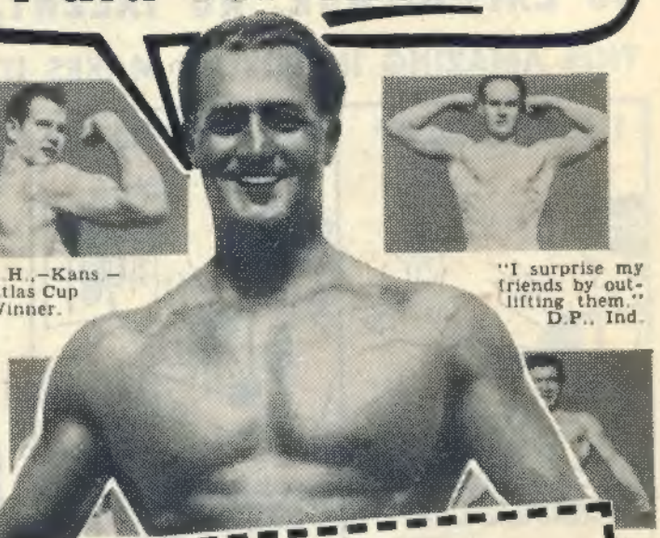
"I surprise my friends by outlifting them." D.P., Ind.

"When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170."—T.K., New York.



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you."—W.D., New York.

"Have put 3½" on chest (normal), 2½" expanded."—F.S., N.Y.



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